HYMNS,

COMPOSED ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS,

AND ON

DIVERS OCCASIONS:

IN FIVE PARTS.

By RICHARD DAVIS,

Late Minister of the Gospel, at Rothwell, in Northamptonshire.

Eighth Edition;

WITH THE ORIGINAL PREFACE,

BY JOHN GILL, D.D.

AND A RECOMMENDATORY ADVERTISEMENT,

BY J. A. JONES,

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PREFACE.

As I had the honour, in my youth, of knowing the worthy author of the following Hymns, being born at Kettering, and brought up within a very few miles of the place (Rowell, alias Rothwell,) where he statedly ministered, I was the rather inclined, at request, to write a Preface to them. His memory has been always precious to me, partly on account of his great regard, both for my education, for which he was heartily concerned, and also for my spiritual and eternal welfare. I well remember, though very young, that having discovered some eager desire after some part of literature, he thought fit to suggest to me what was more valuable, by repeating the following distich,

Si Christum bene scis, satis est, si cætera nescis,
Si Christum nescis, nihil est, si cætera discis.

"If you know Christ well, it is no matter though you are ignorant of many other things; if you are ignorant of Christ other knowledge will avail but little;" and chiefly on account of his very powerful and evangelical ministrations. He was a very lively, warm, and zealous preacher of the Gospel; his light in it was very uncommon, clear, and distinct, which he communicated and diffused, not only in the place and county in which he lived,

but in several adjacent counties, being indefatigable in preaching the word in season and out of season; in which he was greatly succeeded to the conversion of many, and to the spreading of Gospel light in several parts, which in some measure still continues. He was a Boanerges, a son of thunder, when he delivered out the law in its proper place and manner; and a Barnabas, a son of consolation to distressed sinners and drooping saints. His great usefulness raised him many enemies: never was any man more traduced, reproached, and calumniated; and never did any less deserve it, being eminent for humility, piety, and an unblemished life and conversation; though his principles were charged as licentious, and loaded with the odious name of antinomianism.

The great sense he had of the everlasting and unchangeable love of God the Father in eternal election, in the covenant of grace, and in the mission of his Son; the high esteem he had for the person and offices of Christ, his strict regard to the honour of the Holy Spirit, and to his operations of grace upon the heart; and his zeal for the glory of the Three Divine Persons, and for the good of immortal souls, are easily discerned in the following Hymns; which, though they may be thought, by nice and critical judges, to be destitute of those poetical flights and beauties which adorn and recommend verse to men of polite taste; yet these supposed deficiencies are abundantly made up to those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, by that spiritual devotion and affection, and by those gleams of Gospel light which appear throughout the whole.

And though I have, some years ago,* declared my sentiments, that the Psalms of David are most fit and proper to be sung in the churches of Christ; yet I never denied, nor do I deny, that hymns and spiritual songs, composed by good men, though without the inspiration of God, may be made use of, and be useful, provided that they are agreeable to the sacred writings, and the analogy of faith; and especially such as are written in an evangelical strain, as the following hymns are.

I have only one thing more to observe, that whereas the phrase of offering Christ and grace is sometimes used in these hymns, which may be offensive to some persons, and which the worthy Author was led to the use of, partly through custom, it not having been, at the writing of them, objected to, and partly through his affectionate concern and zeal for gaining upon souls, and encouraging them to come to Christ; I can affirm, upon good and sufficient testimony, that Mr. Davis, before his death, changed his mind in this matter, and disused the phrase, as being improper, and being too bold and free for a minister of Christ to make use of. And though I have not thought fit to alter any words and phrases in the revise of these hymns, yet in the use of them in public service, those who think proper may substitute another phrase in its room more eligible. I earnestly desire, that the Divine Spirit would make the reading and singing of these hymns of use to

* In a Discourse on Singing of Psalms, from 1 *Cor.* xiv. 15, published in 1734.

the magnifying of the free grace of God, to the exaltation of Christ, to the debasing of the creature, and to the comfort and refreshment of the Lord's people, as they often have been. And for these ends and purposes I do heartily recommend them to every lover of Christ and his Gospel, who profess myself to be of that number, and esteem it my greatest honour to be reckoned one of them.

JOHN GILL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

CHRISTIAN READER,

SOLOMON, the *preacher,* enquired, "What can the man do that cometh after the king?" Eccles. ii. 12. And what more can be said, than the great and judicious Dr. Gill has already written in his recommendation of these Hymns? *Any addition thereto must be superfluous.* Yet I could not withstand the *honour* conferred on me, by the present publisher, of having my humble name attached to this *new* edition.

Dr. Owen hath observed, that "*Every man hath an edge;* and, as 'iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' Prov. xxvii. 17. There are (says he) several ways whereby a man's edge is sharpened. There is no man but *cuts* one way or another. One cuts to the *world;* another to *pleasure* and *lusts;* and such company and pursuits as he cuts to, makes him more *sharp.* It is well when the *edge* of a man's spirit is *set* for the *things of God;* for that way that a man's edge is set, *that way is he.* David, the special *inclination* and *edge* of his spirit was set *towards* God, and he was employed *of* God." Psalm lvii. 7, 8.

Now, dear reader, is it not *so?* And on the principle that, so it *is,* I would venture to ask

thee kindly, yet in tender solicitude, all alive to the answer I shall receive—"As thou *hast* an edge, is it then an edge for *God?*" Canst thou truly declare,

"'Tis for the Lord, the Lord of Hosts,
I feel my spirit beat;
'Tis for the blessings of his grace,
I worship at his feet?"

Old *paintings* captivate some people; antiquated *china*, others; ancient *coins* are eagerly sought after by a third party; *black-letter* books, and mouldering *manuscripts* have charms indescribable, in the estimation of a fourth. Now, I do most freely confess that, I bless God, he has given me some relish in my soul for "divinity of the *old* school;" and I have rejoiced when an opportunity has been afforded me, of wiping the *dust* from off some *precious* little volume, that may have *lain on the shelf* unperused for many years; and, of afresh sending it forth; that, in the hand of the Spirit, it may *again* convey information to the renewed mind, strengthen the hope, confirm the faith, and gladden the heart of the child of God.

In these respects, I would hope, that my poor efforts have already not been devoid of *some* benefit to the church of Christ; in new editions of Christopher Ness, after the lapse of one hundred and ten years; of *young* John Ryland, from a slumber of fifty-five years; of the justly celebrated Anne Dutton, (whose Hymns and Poems are again just re-published,) after an interspace of ninety-nine years; and now, this little volume of *Davis's Hymns*, which has been eighty-five years out of print.

The *taste* of the religious world has sadly *altered* since the last impression; but the *truth of God* is, and must be, *unalterable*. I know not that this book has a single line of *poetical* beauty to recommend it. I expect that the great host of the butterfly-professors of the day will cast it from them with disdain; but it will, I doubt not, (Lord, I pray thee, grant it *may* be so,) be taken up, here and there, by some *few* of the "*royal family*," who shall, peradventure, *find* therein, most blessed ideas of *sterling* truth; golden sentences; remarks concerning the Father, and of Jesus the beloved; and the outgoings of believing souls after increased spiritual acquaintance *with* Him, and enlarged enjoyments *of* Him: all which are now rarely to be met with. Yes, reader, here are some precious *jewels* for thee; *antique* in the *setting*, I acknowledge; but thou wilt find them as *diamonds* of the first water and lustre; far beyond the *fashionably* set, *modern paste*, artificial glitterings of the style of the present day.

I do not expect to advance my credit in the eye of modern Calvinists, by recommending this volume: the *tunes* of the day, also, are not adapted to its verse; and no congregation, I think, will attempt to use it in public worship now. But what of that? Some precious hearts, when their spirits are overwhelmed, and their souls cast down within them, *may* take up this book, and, alighting on some *lines* like the following, *may* experience an uplifting; and find what it is to rejoice alone in Christ Jesus the Lord:

"The *lambs* are in their *Jesu's* arms,
They hear his bowels sound;
He keeps them close from any harms:
Their *hands* are *in* his *wounds*.

They are so *near* unto his *heart*,
He hears their *cry* and *moan*;
His *bowels* answer them, '*My grace*
Sufficient is alone.'"—Page 94.

I unhesitatingly unite with Dr. Gill, in those *earnest desires* expressed by *him* at the close of *his* preface; for I would *indeed* have the grace of God magnified, Jesus Christ exalted, the creature debased, and the Lord's people everywhere comforted.

I am, dear Reader,

Yours, in the Lord,

JOHN ANDREWS JONES.

Mitchell Street, London,
August 22*nd*, 1833.

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SELECT HYMNS.

BOOK I.

HYMN I.

1. Christ is our holiness and peace,
   Christ is our righteousness;
   Christ is our husband, brother, friend,
   Our life, our head, our dress.

2. Christ our redemption, and our hope,
   Salvation, glory, rest;
   In him we 're righteous, clean, and strong;
   In him we' re fully blest.

3. Christ is our wisdom, riches, strength,
   So is, and was, and shall
   For ever be unto his own;
   Thus Christ is all in all!

4. In him we 've righteousness and strength;
   In him we 've peace and grace;
   In him true honour, pleasure, wealth
   Discover'd in his face.

5. Though we be poor, in him we 're rich,
   Though weak, in him we 're strong;
   When with'ring, in this green fir-tree
   We flourish'd all along.

6. Let 's still admire, and Him adore
Who always is the same;
Let 's magnify his glorious grace,
And praise his mighty name.

HYMN II.

1. The soul that sees in Jesus Christ
A lovely preciousness,
And does behold a glory in
His spotless righteousness;

2. Sees his own doings will not do,
Counts them but loss and sin;
This soul hath ventur'd upon Christ,
And doth believe on him.

3. The souls that with delight do view
The righteousness of Christ,
Are taken with so suitable,
And with so great a Priest;

4. Are glad that such a Saviour is
Poor sinners for to save,
Though not for them; yet the *true* faith
That works by love they have.

5. Question not, doubting, trembling soul,
Thy faith, but still believe;
Behold a Christ, lean on a Christ,
An offer'd Christ receive;

6. And pour forth praises to thy Christ,
That thee this faith hath given:
Go on believing, pressing still
'Till thou art got to heaven.

HYMN III.

1. O! was it ever known before,
The King's own Son should crowned be
On purpose for to intercede
For a rebellious enemy!

2. Thus our dear Jesus seiz'd his throne,
Put on his grandeur and his state,
Sat on th' right hand of Majesty,
That he might be our Advocate.

3. The world can never instance this,
That kings should beggars' cause so own,
As that to think to serve them is
Beyond the pleasures of a crown.

4. Our dearest Advocate thinks this
The chiefest sum of his renown;
To serve his children now above,
The brightest jewel of his crown.

5. To him are honour, glory, praise,
Obedience, love, and service, due,
The all-prevailing Advocate,
The faithful Witness, and the true.

HYMN IV.

1. Why are ye cast down, princely ones,
Ye royal seed of God?
Whate'er's your frame, your Christ 's the same,
There 's honey on his rod.

2. He bids you ever to rejoice;
Again he says, Rejoice:
Whate'er say law, sin, satan, this
Is your Beloved's voice.

3. Why should you be discourag'd? You,
O heirs of free rich grace!
For goodly is your heritage,
And pleasant is your place.

4. Whate'er discouragements object,
Our Christ can answer all;
His arm is ready to lift up,
When we 're about to fall.

5. Do we draw back from God, because
We 're filthy and unclean?
He clothes us with his shining robes;
Let 's on with boldness then.

6. Are we afraid his heart is chang'd?
No; let us have no dread;
His heart runs o'er with grace and love,
As much as e'er it did.

7. Let 's send up praises unto him;
Let us his name extol:
His mercy was from ever sure,
And so it ever shall.

HYMN V.

1. What free, rich grace, unmix'd and pure
The gospel does proclaim!
Moses, with all his various rites,
Could never speak so plain.

2. Come, saints, come also, sinners, taste
This water, milk, and wine;
Wine without dregs, that of the lees
Our Lord did well refine.

3. Here 's pardon without wrath at all;
White garments without stain;

A conscience-peace, made sure and strong;
An ease that 's free from pain:

4. A perfect conscience-liberty,
That has no yoke at all;
For whom the Son makes free, are free,
And ought to know no thrall.

5. Our Jesus suffer'd once for all,
And he obtain'd thereby,
Pardons eternal, infinite,
And perfect liberty.

6. And then he entered once for all,
(Not without blood) above;
His sprinkled blood on th' mercy-seat
That ever pleads for love;

7. For boundless love, for goodness, peace,
For never-ceasing grace:
God 's reconcil'd within our souls,
It cries and cries apace.

HYMN VI.

1. Into what pitch of glory we,
In Jesus mounted are!
Far above that (had Adam stood)
Which should have been our share.

2. Faith does disclose such mysteries,
As Adam ne'er did see;
Angels now stoop, themselves, to pry
Into this mystery.

3. In Christ, what boundless grace and love!
What glory, peace, and hope!
The fountains of the deep break up
And heaven's windows ope.

4. What great salvation, then, is this
The gospel brings to light?
If so astonishing to faith,
What will it be to sight?

5. Come, saints, admire, adore, set forth
In songs and hymns this grace:
Down, down with every idol self,
That steps up in its place.

6. Sinners, this grace is tender'd to
The vilest of you all:
Come, sinners, come, accept this grace,
The gospel gives a call.

7. Stand not for to dispute and die;
Free offered grace receive;
Such love embrace, accept such grace:
O, do this grace believe!

HYMN VII.

1. Come, let 's return unto the Lord,
Who lov'd and wash'd us with his blood:
Let 's turn to him; because he hath
Declar'd to us that he is good.

2. O, what a hateful thing is sin,
Against a God of boundless grace!
That thus affronts the God of love,
And spits in the Redeemer's face.

3. What heart of stone would not be broke,
To see our Jesus pierc'd by us;
And that these murderers, our sins,
Should wound and tear our Saviour thus?

4. What face confusion will not spread,
What soul would not itself abase,

To see that Jesus loved him
In such a wretched, sinful case?

5. He lov'd us first; O, let us love!
Let love constrain us to obey:
Such a good Master who 'd not serve;
Yea love and honour him alway?

6. Come, sinners, taste the grace of God,
That 's offer'd freely unto you:
Come, and accept of Christ, and then
All your repentance will be true.

7. Take Christ for Saviour, life, and strength,
Your service then won't be in vain;
Come, rest you in the love of Christ,
You 'll mourn then in a gospel strain.

8. Glory and honour, lasting praise
Be to our dearest Jesus given:
Let 's here, then, praise his name always,
Till swallow'd in that work in heaven.

HYMN VIII.

1. O, WHAT a glorious light is this
The gospel-day does bring to us!
What wondrous grace of God in Christ
Does faith reveal to sinners thus?

2. Both life and immortality
Are by the gospel brought to light:
The fair bright day of truth appears
Beyond what Moses spake by rite.

3. How does the God of love and grace
Appear our Father and our Lord?
How does the gospel this declare,
In Jesu's name and in his Word?

4. The Lord, the Spirit, does reveal
This truth to our dark consciences;
By pouring in Christ's pard'ning blood
Within, he manifesteth this.

5. The gospel that ran free at first,
Hath since been seal'd with many seals;
But Judah's Lion hath prevail'd
To open them, and he reveals:

6. They shall be open'd all at last;
The Lamb will now a Lion be:
O glorious Lamb and Lion too;
All praise and honour be to thee.

HYMN IX.

1. Our lips let 's move for songs of love,
To praise electing love;
Send down to our assistance, Lord,
The Spirit from above.

2. Eternal grace in Jesu's face,
That shines to 's bride and wife,
That still to bless through righteousness,
Reigns to eternal life.

3. In praises high let 's magnify,
Adoring, bow thereto!
O grace! free grace! O glorious grace,
That rescu'd us from woe!

4. When God resolv'd that grace should save,
A law of life came in,
That, at the breaches of this law,
Grace deluge might o'er sin.

5. And why must sin then enter in?
That grace might overflow:

Since mounts of sin can't bound it in,
Grace boundless is we know.

6. Law, death, sin, hell brought to the field,
The strength of grace to try;
Grace gives a fall unto them all,
And wins the victory.

7. All to attest and manifest
Th' omnipotence of grace,
And that it is unchangeable,
Nothing can it efface.

8. That we might see its sov'reignty,
Sin 's suffered first alone,
T' extend its empire far and wide,
And fortify its throne.

9. That as sin reigned unto death,
So grace might wield the sword,
And reign to life, through righteousness,
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN X.

1. When captive slaves to sin and death,
A dying Jesus set us free;
Rais'd from a dungeon to a throne:
O glorious gaol-delivery!

2. That worst of rebels may not be
For ever ruin'd and undone,
The injur'd King to justice does
Deliver up his only Son.

3. That the offender at the bar
Might stand acquit, the Judge doth die;
Condemns himself to bands and chains,
To set the wretch at liberty.

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This truth to our dark consciences;
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Might stand acquit, the Judge doth die;
Condemns himself to bands and chains,
To set the wretch at liberty.

4. Astonish'd be the heav'ns above!
Confounded be the earth below!
Here's love and grace for to amaze,
Not to o'erdo, but overflow.

5. Poor sinners, come, believe this grace,
Come, venture on 't, and you shall be,
By reigning grace from reigning sin,
Freed in our Lord as well as we.

6. Accept you of our Jesus Christ,
And with him you 'll have all his grace:
To-day he calls, to-day come all,
There 's left for you both room and place.

7. Who would of fetters then be fond,
If they this moment might be free?
O! therefore harden not your hearts,
Who now are call'd to liberty.

8. But, now, e'en now obey the call,
That you and we might Christ adore;
Sound far and wide his praises high
To whom they 're due for evermore.

HYMN XI.

1. Our Father from eternity
Look'd on us in our sin;
Then view'd a bleeding, righteous Christ,
And us complete in him.

2. He then with God the Son agreed,
Th' obedience of the Son,
Imputed be to the elect;
Then 'twas agreed and done.

3. O wondrous love and grace indeed!
That from eternity

Should be employ'd to make us pure,
And absolutely free!

4. With this imputed righteousness
For ever cloth'd upon,
Than angels far accepted more
To God upon the throne.

5. Which never changes with our frames,
No, nor our holiness:
Not sin, nor guilt, not death, nor world,
Can touch or move this dress.

6. Let's his immortal honour sing,
Who wrought this out for us
In praises, yea in living praise,
Extol his garments thus.

HYMN XII.

1. Souls must believe and come to Christ,
Or die for breach of laws:
And yet there is no soul can come
But whom the Father draws.

2. Uniting faith's a pow'rful light
Revealing Christ within,
And in discov'ring pardon does
Destroy the reign of sin.

3. In showing to the soul, that sin
And self have cover'd o'er;
It turns the soul from self and sin
Our Jesus to adore.

4. It is a great creating light,
Gives light where there was none;
In a dark heart its beams displays,
Softens a heart of stone.

5. 'Tis the same power wrought in Christ,
When rais'd up from the dead,
And over principalities
And powers set him Head.

6. Let 's look to him, and praise him too;
Jesus above, that hath
This power to give, the Author is
And Finisher of faith.

HYMN XIII.

1. A BLEEDING Jesus testified
This with his latest breath,
That he had conquest finished
O'er sin, o'er hell, o'er death.

2. 'Tis finished; O, this joyful sound
Rings through the heavens above!
God and good angels do rejoice;
O, here is wondrous love!

3. 'Tis finish'd; cries our bleeding Lord,
I have receiv'd the blow
For mine; let Justice sheath his sword,
And, Father, let them go.

4. Father, it's finish'd; I have made
Full end of sin for them:
My righteousness does make them just;
Who is 't that dare condemn?

5. 'Tis finish'd! This, through all the earth,
To sinners gives a call:
All things are ready; sinners, come
Unto this marriage, all.

6. 'Tis finish'd! O, how pleasant is
To guilty souls this sound!

It does bind up the broken bones,
And heals each deadly wound.

7. 'Tis finish'd! Don't your souls, O saints,
Leap at this pleasant voice?
For your redemption's now complete;
For evermore rejoice.

8. O, but it has a sound of dread,
To all the damn'd below!
Love, mercy, grace, are finished,
But not a drop for you.

9. You devils, for you, I 've not bled;
And sinners, you defied
My blood, and have my person scorn'd;
Now you shall be denied.

10. To Him that wash'd us with his blood
Eternal praise be given,
From all the saints that are on earth,
And all the saints in heaven.

HYMN XIV.

1. O WONDROUS God-like righteousness!
'Tis tinctur'd with the Godhead thro';
The bright perfections of a God
Do over all this garment flow.

2. The tongues of glorious saints above,
And angels voices, can't express
The beauteous shining glory of
This everlasting righteousness.

3. It is almighty in itself,
And of almighty virtue too;
And all things, both in heaven and earth,
It can, and will, and does subdue.

4. 'Tis all-sufficient; it can give
Whate'er poor sinners want, or crave;
It giveth all things to the poor,
And doth unto the utmost save.

5. It never changes, though we may;
It shall on saints outshine the sun;
Nothing in us can alter this,
Nor now, nor when our life is done.

6. Let us, that made are priests to God,
Clad in this white and shining dress,
Still send our shoutings up of praise
Unto the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN XV.

1. We black, but comely are, O men;
Black in ourselves, comely in him,
Who is the Lord our righteousness,
Pronounced clean, though we have sin.

2. O! what a righteousness is this,
That hath Jehovah for its name!
And is our righteousness and his,
In name and self, the very same!

3. Ourselves are poor, we nothing have,
And yet we all things do possess:
We only glory in the Lord,
E'en in the Lord our righteousness.

4. We in ourselves the sentence have
Of death, but our dear Saviour bled;
Our confidence we put in him
Who rais'd up Jesus from the dead.

5. We are pronounc'd all over clean;
The plague of leprosy is gone:

Our great High-priest hath this pronounc'd,
We 're without guilt before the throne.

6. Lord, give us mighty faith in this,
And we shall mighty foes subdue;
Our faith's (like Sampson's hairs) our strength,
By which we bars and gates break thro'.

7. Let 's honour, glory, power give,
And hallelujah to him sing,
Who is the bright and Morning-star,
The awful, great, immortal King.

HYMN XVI.

1. If greatest price can purchase peace,
Believer, be n't afraid,
To buy for thee his Father's peace,
Christ hath the ransom paid.

2. If strength and power can prevail
To rescue thee from thrall;
Cheer up, for thy Redeemer's strong,
The sov'reign Lord of all.

3. If the prevailing prayer of
A powerful favourite,
Can for thee any grace procure,
Then fear thou not thy right.

4. Peace, pardon, life, and glory too,
Are without question thine:
His intercession, death, and power,
Do all for thee combine.

5. For Christ thou hast, and thou hast all,
And glory thou shalt have:
He who e'er lives to intercede,
Can to the utmost save.

6. Now thanks let's give to Him that lives
To intercede above;
And let us to his glory live,
Through patience, faith, and love.

HYMN XVII.

1. The heart of Christ in heaven now
Is stor'd with grace and love;
His bowels towards sinners now
With strong compassion move.

2. He gives no slumber to his eyes,
But still employs his care,
How to deliver his i' th' world
Out of the devil's snare.

3. There he doth plead, and intercede
With his great Father too;
Thus he employs his glorious care
To rescue us from woe.

4. His love and bowels are not chang'd,
For all his glorious crown:
Sinners, O, could you see his face,
O, sure 'twould melt you down!

5. His gospel and his spirit too,
Unbosom him to you:
O, view his grace, accept his grace,
Believe his grace most true.

6. Come, you are welcome to his grace,
O, cast yourselves therein;
This is the fountain opened wide,
To cleanse from filth of sin.

7. Is there a harden'd sinner here,
That will this grace refuse?

On thy own head then be thy blood,
Since thou wilt ruin choose.

8. Let us that tasted have this grace,
His praises sound on high:
Let's praise this grace, O glorious grace!
Reign thou eternally.

HYMN XVIII.

1. CHRIST doth the crown in Zion wear,
And all the nations rules,
And by his power he doth subdue
Untam'd rebellious souls.

2. Preach'd to the world, receiv'd by faith;
Of heaven, earth, and hell,
The mighty King and Sov'reign Lord,
Who can his glory tell?

3. The fountain, nay, the ocean,
The fulness of all grace,
The glory of the Father shines
In Thy most lovely face.

4. The temple, which the splendid train
Of all the Godhead fills:
Perfections, beauties, blaze in thee,
Of everlasting hills.

5. The bright, the clear essential glass,
In which we may behold
Jehovah's shining Majesty,
Out-dazzling pearls and gold.

6. Of thee we'll sing, Almighty King,
Our glorious Solomon;
Our Jesus, Prophet, Prince and Priest,
The Father's Christ and Son.

7. O! who may dare with thee compare?
Created beings all,
Like Dagon, 'fore the ark of old,
Before thy feet must fall.

8. Let's echo forth his praise who is
The Judge of quick and dead:
In Zion's gates praise for thee waits,
Our Sov'reign Lord and Head.

HYMN XIX.

1. CHRIST, our High-priest, defends his [church,
A wall of fire round about,
The bulwark of Jerusalem;
He like a king in her doth shout.

2. His eyes are watchful to secure
His glory upon her from harms:
Our Solomon has valiant men
To keep his bed from night alarms.

3. That which entitles him to all,
Is the bright garment which he wears;
And 'tis that cov'ring that secures
Us from our filth, and guilt, and fears.

4. The godly stand now in that robe,
And shall for ever stand therein;
This garment is a cov'ring for
Our holiness as well as sin.

5. It is the righteousness of Christ
That is with him at God's right hand;
'Tis in the Lord above we have
This righteousness wherein we stand.

6. This cov'ring hath its great defence;
For Jacob's God with Jacob is

As a strong tow'r, because he sees
No sin in him as cloth'd with this.

7. Our God and Father, in his love,
Doth rest upon his mercy-seat;
And thence, with us, about his grace,
His love, and favour stoops to treat.

8. All thanks and praise be to His name
Who dwells in his love's resting-place;
And thence for ever doth show'r down,
On rebels, favour, love, and grace.

HYMN XX.

1. Our great High-priest, our persons doth
To's Father represent,
In that refulgent splendid robe
That casts forth spice's scent.

2. He takes our prayers, and he throws out
What's sinful and what's bad:
Reformed thus he brings them in
With his own merits clad.

3. And "holiness unto the Lord,"
Doth write upon them all:
We and our duties, stand in him,
And thus can never fall.

4. Tho' poor our persons, poor our frames,
And poor our duties too;
Yet we are rich in him, and ours
Do make a splendid show.

5. A pray'r, like th' chatt'ring of a crane,
Mix'd with this incense, flies,
Like to the mighty clouds above,
And pierceth through the skies.

6. There they are enter'd on the file,
And blessings will bring down;
They 're now above, and we one day
Shall wear the promis'd crown.

7. Glory let's bring unto our King,
And Intercessor too:
High praises to our Advocate,
That dwells in heav'n, are due.

HYMN XXI.

1. To Him that lov'd us of himself,
And died to do us good,
And wash'd us from our scarlet sins,
In his most precious blood;

2. And made us kings and priests to God,
His Father infinite,
To him eternal glory be,
And everlasting might.

3. The Lamb is worthy that was slain,
To have all pow'r and wealth;
All honour, glory, wisdom, strength;
Thanks for his saving health.

4. Thanks, honour, glory, pow'r to Him
That on the throne doth sit,
And to the Lamb for ever and
For ever; so be it.

5. Thousands of thousands of the saints,
Which stand before their King,
With shining robes, and spreading palms,
Loud hallelujahs sing:

6. Ascribe salvation to our Lord,
Who sits upon the throne;

And to the Lamb, the glorious Lamb,
Ascribe salvation.

7. "Amen, amen!" the angels cry,
Salvation is his due:
And we, through all eternity,
His praises will renew.

8. Thanks, glory, blessing, wisdom, might,
Honour, and power, then,
Be to our God, and to the Lamb
For evermore, amen.

HYMN XXII.

1. O! LET us bow before the Lord,
The Lord of glory that 's above,
Who tabernacled among us:
O, great effects of wondrous love!

2. And through the Vail, his blessed flesh,
Let 's go to God on th' mercy-seat;
Who sits to commune with us thence,
As before God in him complete.

3. Glory and praise let 's warble forth
To Him, in an angelic strain;
To Him, the Lamb upon the throne,
To Him, the Lamb that hath been slain.

4. He is that Temple in which God
Doth lift his train of glory high:
All the perfections shine in him,
Of the eternal Deity.

5. How glorious is this mighty King!
How full of majesty this Son!
How richly clad this great High-priest!
How fair this well-beloved One!

6. He is the Altar all of gold;
He is the Hill of frankincense:
Our duties all are sanctified,
Accepted, too, as coming thence.

7. Coals from this altar touch our lips,
That we may his great praises sound:
O, let our tongues be still employ'd
To publish all his acts around.

HYMN XXIII.

1. CHRIST in our sins was wrapp'd about,
When he our sacrifice did fall;
Our sins all met upon our Lord:
He satisfaction made for all;

2. That so believers might be wrapp'd
About with his great righteousness,
To cover duty, sin, and self,
That there appear no nakedness.

3. He broke the pow'r, and hid the filth,
When he dissolv'd the guilt of sin:
The gates of heav'n and holiness,
Hath op'd to let His nation in.

4. He, in his body on the tree,
Has to his God them reconcil'd:
The Father sinners does embrace,
Through Jesus Christ, his only child.

5. He is the Ark and Resting-place,
Where gathered sinners are secure
From the great flood of sin and wrath,
In a retreat that is most sure.

6. In him the Father's goodness dwells;
In him the Father's love appears;

In him we in God's love abide,
Delivered from our guilt and fears.

7. Therefore let 's celebrate his praise,
Who is the mighty Prince of Life;
Who would espouse a filthy soul
Unto himself, and make his wife.

8. Glory and honour unto him;
Sing praise (and let no tongue be dumb)
Unto the bleeding Lamb above;
For by his blood we overcome.

HYMN XXIV.

Sung at a Funeral.

1. Blest door of bliss to weary saints
Thou art, grim death, become;
Secur'd, as in a cabinet,
Their dust is in the tomb.

2. By death they enter to those joys
Prepar'd for them above;
There they are ever swallow'd up
In endless life and love.

3. O! there they see as they are seen,
With clear unclouded views;
O! there they hear of nothing else
But joyful, glorious news.

4. Anthems of joys and praise are there,
With hallelujahs sung:
Who would be fond of this vain world,
This dross, this dirt, this dung?

5. There saints for ever do behold
Their dearest Jesu's face:

There always they admiring are
Eternal, boundless grace.

6. They 're in the house not made with hands,
In heav'n eternally
They dwell, and with the rays of Christ
They shine most gloriously.

7. Quite freed from labour, sorrow, sin,
From cumbrance, peril, pain;
Then we shall find whate'er we did
For Christ was not in vain.

8. Now heaven's work is here begun,
The work of singing praise;
The work and will of God in Christ,
Which there we 'll work always.

HYMN XXV.

1. Glory and praise ascribe always
To the Eternal King:
Ye blessed saints, with heart and voice
His glorious wonders sing.

2. While Christ endures, ye are secure,
Tied with strong cov'nant-bands;
Lust never can, nor death, nor man,
Pluck you from Jesu's hands.

3. Your Husband, Head, your Shepherd, Friend,
He who engag'd for you,
Is the Almighty, and All-wise,
Unchangeable and true.

4. The covenant, on God's great word
And oath, most firmly stands:
The Father's above all, none can
Pluck from the Father's hands.

5. He from eternity decreed,
Th' elect should happy be;
Nor world, nor flesh, nor man's bad heart
Can alter his decree.

6. O, then let 's praise, since heaven's joys
Are in our souls begun;
And let our praises, like our joys,
Be never, never done.

HYMN XXVI.

1. And has the High and Lofty One,
That dwells in bright eternal day,
Stoop'd down, t' embrace poor clods of earth,
And dwell in tenements of clay?

2. Ravishing, condescending love!
O goodness that 's astonishing!
Who would not warble forth thy praise?
The wonders of thy glory sing?

3. Did ever king dethrone himself
To have communion with the poor?
Or lay his grandeur by t' embrace
A base, deformed black-a-moor?

4. But the Eternal Majesty,
The Lord of Glory, he did so:
The great Creator's boundless love
Through Christ doth to his creatures flow:

5. His creatures; nay, his wretched ones,
His most rebellious enemies;
These his delight, his jewels these;
These are the apples of his eyes.

6. What shall we say? ravish'd, amaz'd;
And where, if we could speak, begin?

In silence then let us sink down,
Since such vast depths we're swallow'd in!

HYMN XXVII.

1. O! WHAT a great High-priest have we,
With garments shining bright!
And in whose garments we appear
Before our God in light.

2. Our Priest doth sit upon the throne,
A Prophet understood:
Thence rules and guides, as well as saves
Us with his God-like blood.

3. Who'd not to such a sceptre bow,
That 's righteousness and peace?
Who would not such obedience choose,
That is an holy ease?

4. Our King is great Melchizedeck,
And King of Salem too!
What pleasure, honour, glory is 't,
That he should us subdue?

5. O! what an Officer have we,
Eternal, infinite,
Unchangeable, supreme, most true,
Most glorious, pure, and bright!

6. Eternal honour to our Priest,
Eternal thanks and praise;
Let 's hallelujahs warble forth,
Let 's sing to him always.

HYMN XXVIII.

1. THE train of heavenly glory fills
The flesh, wherein the Godhead dwells;

The Father's goodness his bless'd face,
Whence we receive, and grace for grace.

2. This is the mercy-seat and throne,
Which boundless grace does sit upon:
Eternal wisdom does enshrine
Its beams in him, and thence they shine.

3. Hence, wicked rebels for to harm,
Comes forth the thunder of God's arm!
All pow'r o'er earth, o'er hell, o'er heav'n,
Is by the Father to him given.

4. The beams of inf'nite holiness
Do dart most awful through his flesh:
The holy Jesus doth declare
What holies in the Godhead are.

5. He is a saving gracious Christ,
The judgment that God did entrust
With him doth plainly manifest,
Both to the damned and the just.

6. This great foundation that endures,
Reveals our God more sure and sure;
To sum up all, we hence infer
He is the Father's character.

7. Who would not love this lovely Son,
This bright, this glorious shining One?
What stammering tongue can silent be?
Or is there an unbowing knee?

8. O! let his brightness be unfurl'd,
Tell ye his wonders through the world;
Inspired with an holy flame,
Make mention of his awful name.

HYMN XXIX.

1. Let's not the Holy Spirit grieve,
   But let's each motion mind:
   Saints, let us say our sails are fill'd
   With this Almighty Wind.

2. If vain or wicked we should be,
   In lip, in life, or heart,
   Or else defile ourselves with pitch,
   The Spirit will depart.

3. If we should dare Christ's honour slight,
   B' in duty negligent,
   The Spirit will be quench'd by that,
   Whom Son and Father sent.

4. When we his gifts and callings slight,
   And's message do distrust,
   We then the Spirit do provoke,
   And's motion do resist.

5. When we don't hearken unto him,
   But to the law within,
   No wonder then we fetter'd are,
   And feel the reign of sin.

6. When we no heart, nor lip, nor tongue
   Have for his praise to move,
   No wonder he doth cease to tell
   Us stories of Christ's love.

HYMN XXX.

1. Jehovah Jesus! O, how sweet,
   How healing, and how good
   Is the almighty virtue of
   His God-like, sacred blood!

2. It 's the eye-salve that cures the mind,
It 's Gilead's sovereign balm;
Dead souls it quickens, and it makes
A stormy conscience calm.

3. It wrath removes, God reconciles,
Creates a peace within;
And yet it daily crucifies
Indwelling lust and sin.

4. 'Tween David's house and Saul's, it sets
A constant, fatal strife:
O happy we! Although it grieves,
That is a sign of life.

5. O precious blood! O sacred flood!
That in perdition drowns
Our lust and sin that reign within,
But us with glory crowns.

6. Why will the sinner perish, since
There 's such an healing pool?
Such fountains open'd in Christ's side,
To heal his leprous soul?

7. O! hallelujah ever be
Sung in Jehovah's praise,
Who such salvation wrought for us,
Such glory, bliss, and joys!

HYMN XXXI.

1. WHAT glorious Intercessor 's this,
That lives for us upon the throne?
He is array'd with glory bright,
And long hath in that glory shone.

2. He 's with the greatest honours crown'd,
Advanc'd to highest dignity;

He 's vested with Almighty pow'r,
Above all powers set on high.

3. He 's King of heaven, earth, and hell;
All things subjected are to him,
Angels, and devils, and mankind,
Both good and bad, death, hell, and sin.

4. But yet his children's Minister,
All this doth for their service own;
He rules o'er all them for to serve,
And sits their Priest upon the throne.

5. Thus he employs his powers all,
His glory, might, and majesty,
His favour and his interest,
To serve his children's liberty.

6. This he doth manage every hour,
And every moment, now above;
E'en our salvation, safety, peace:
And is not this amazing love?

7. All honour, glory, thanks, and praise,
Be to this Intercessor giv'n,
Who, for the service of our faith,
Sits now enthron'd on high in heav'n.

HYMN XXXII.

1. Come, let 's find out our cursed sin;
And therefore let us go
Unto a crucified Christ,
And there we sin shall know.

2. Let 's humbled be, and mourn for sin;
Therefore let 's go and view
Our Jesus, whom our sins did pierce,
Then shal our grief be true.

3. So let us loathe sin and ourselves,
Our God is pacified;
And his love delug'd over mounts,
Then when our Jesus died.

4. To God let 's make acknowledgment
For sin, with shame of face:
Our Father saw us afar off,
And ran to our embrace.

5. Repentance is a beauteous tree,
On faith its roots doth grow;
It 's watered, and is juic'd by love,
Which love from faith doth flow.

6. Sinners, you must repent or die;
And would you then repent?
O, come to Jesus! he will give
Your godly sorrow vent.

7. O, come to him! and do not stay
For mourning first, or ease;
For change of life, or broken heart,
For he will give all these.

8. Come you with us, and honour him;
Let 's honour his free grace;
Let that be magnified alone,
And that alone embrace.

HYMN XXXIII.

1. O God, in goodness infinite,
Thou art most ready to forgive,
Who from thy bosom sent'st thy Son,
To die for us, that we might live.

2. Come, grieved consciences, come taste
This heavenly cheer, so choice, so good;

He 's vested with Almighty pow'r,
Above all powers set on high.

3. He 's King of heaven, earth, and hell;
All things subjected are to him,
Angels, and devils, and mankind,
Both good and bad, death, hell, and sin.

4. But yet his children's Minister,
All this doth for their service own;
He rules o'er all them for to serve,
And sits their Priest upon the throne.

5. Thus he employs his powers all,
His glory, might, and majesty,
His favour and his interest,
To serve his children's liberty.

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And every moment, now above;
E'en our salvation, safety, peace:
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And would you then repent?
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Your godly sorrow vent.

7. O, come to him! and do not stay
For mourning first, or ease;
For change of life, or broken heart,
For he will give all these.

8. Come you with us, and honour him;
Let 's honour his free grace;
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And that alone embrace.

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Thou art most ready to forgive,
Who from thy bosom sent'st thy Son,
To die for us, that we might live.

2. Come, grieved consciences, come taste
This heavenly cheer, so choice, so good;

Get into Jesu's wounded sides,
Drink in the virtue of his blood.

3. Your smart shall be turn'd into joy,
Your sin shall die, your grief shall cease:
This shed blood in thy heart shall shed
The love of Jesus and his peace.

4. Thou shalt see God thy Father is,
That he hath chose thee afore time;
That all thy sins forgiven are,
That Christ in covenant is thine.

5. Come, all ye saints, and praise the Lord,
Who hath done such great things for you:
Admire, adore his goodness all,
Which is as boundless as 'tis true.

HYMN XXXIV.

1. THROUGH ev'ry grace and duty too,
Faith doth itself diffuse;
For holiness in heart and life
Is faith put out to use.

2. Faith is the root and tree, from which
All other branches slide,
And every grace o' th' spirit is
(But faith) diversified.

3. Love 's faith embracing; hope is faith
That looks for what 's to come;
Patience is faith expecting; zeal
Is faith upon the run.

4. And self-denial is a grace,
That empties us of all,
That self abhors, and comes to Christ
According to his call.

5. Each duty must be done in faith;
Faith throughout all must run:
The devil, sin, the world, and all
'Tis faith must overcome.

6. Now to the Purchaser of faith,
And Giver of it too,
Be honour, glory, thanks and praise,
As are most meet and due.

HYMN XXXV.

1. Love ye your lovely Lord, ye saints,
Who 's altogether fair:
Created beauties are but shades,
If they with him compare.

2. Stir and awake your souls to love,
Your Jesus to embrace;
With wonders all his glory view,
That 's full of truth and grace.

3. His blest example imitate,
And learn of Him who's meek;
His lowly humble steps tread in,
His face and favour seek.

4. Give honour to King Jesus, saints,
Give honour to his name;
The Father's honour doth require,
The Son should have the same.

5. His Father hath transferr'd on him
His glory, judgment, fame;
He hath advanc'd him very high:
O! magnify his name!

6. Therefore all honour unto him,
And praises are most due:

The almighty, wise, eternal King,
The holy, just, and true.

HYMN XXXVI.

1. God of all grace, let 's see thy face,
Being freed from law and sin:
These did enslave; by grace we have
A freedom now within:

2. The law shan't rise to tyrannize,
Our glory to deface,
It shall no more on us have pow'r,
For we are under grace.

3. O, purge our souls, and do thou roll
Away our sin and fear:
Christ's blood i' th' heart will ease sin's smart,
And seal a pardon there.

4. Jehovah Lord, th' Eternal Word,
Thou brightest Majesty,
Array'd with bright and dazzling light,
Thou sit'st enthron'd on high.

5. Thy saints now throw their crowns below
Thy awful throne and feet,
And prostrate fall to worship, all;
For 'tis most just and meet.

6. Thy glorious light, majestic might,
Thou dost with dread reveal:
Thy gracious ear bows down to pray'r,
Thou dost diseases heal.

7. And thou dost thus walk among us,
Displaying pow'r and love;
The gospel-charm (thy stretched arm)
Doth on these waters move.

8. Thou worthy art, from lip and heart,
All thanks and praise to have;
All glory, power, (every hour,)
And honour to receive.

9. O! let us all thy name extol,
Thy glorious fame let 's raise;
Let heavens sing, let earth forth bring,
And seas roar out thy praise.

10. Ye saints that wait at Zion's gate,
Sing praise to Zion's King,
Hosannahs! Hallelujahs all!
Still Hallelujahs sing!

HYMN XXXVII.

1. Believe, O soul, and thou shalt see
Heav'ns dew on thee distil;
Mount up thy faith, and thou shalt see
A greater glory still.

2. Let not thy unbelief obstruct
Christ's growing int'rest now;
Only believe, that all unto
His mighty name might bow.

3. Upon the wing of acts of faith,
Do thou exalt His name:
Believe his glory shining bright,
His person in the same.

4. Believe the world down at his feet,
And Zion glorious made:
We may believe that firmly which
The God of truth hath said.

5. Believe all sickness shall be heal'd,
O blind, and ye shall see;

Believe, O deaf, and ye shall hear;
O lame, and ye shall flee.

6. Open the eye of faith, O soul,
Behold thy glorious Christ;
Who altogether lovely is,
As Prophet, King, and Priest.

7. Look, sinners, unto Jesus, look
With an unveiled face;
And you shall see our Lord for you,
Fill'd full of truth and grace.

8. Glory and honour to our Lord!
Let 's honour him by faith;
Let 's without wavering believe
Whate'er our Jesus saith.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1. Look unto Jesus, sinners look,
If you'd salvation have,
Who 's God the Saviour, and none else;
It 's only he can save.

2. His righteousness more bright is far
Than angel's holiness:
Our best of doings are but rags;
A poor and tatter'd dress.

3. Christ is our righteousness and strength,
Him Rock and Fortress call;
Christ our redemption, wisdom, peace;
Christ is our all in all.

4. Our mighty King and Captain too,
His armies are abroad:
Be still, O Zion; who leads forth
These armies, is thy God.

5. Sing hallelujah! unto him;
His sword is on his thigh:
To him be honour and renown,
And brightest majesty.

HYMN XXXIX.

1. Sing hallelujah! even sing,
Sing your God's praise in lasting verse:
You who redeem'd are by his blood,
In Zion now his acts rehearse.

2. When you were distant from the Lord,
As wide as heav'n from hell doth lie,
He then your sacrifice became,
And by his blood he brought you nigh.

3. The sword of vengeance, due to you,
He in his bleeding sides receiv'd:
You, for eternal slaughter bound,
(By dying in your stead,) reliev'd.

4. When that God's wrath burn'd down to hell,
He satisfied; the Father smil'd:
His death the enmity destroy'd,
God and the sinner reconcil'd.

5. Jehovah and his rebels may
In a Christ crucified meet:
O, let us then throw down our all
At an Almighty Saviour's feet.

6. God is come down into the camp,
O, let the camp of God be pure;
That it the burning presence of
The Lord of hosts may now endure.

7. Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord,
In Judah thy great name is known;

There thou the giant, Unbelief,
And hosts of sin, hast overthrown.

HYMN XL.

1. What fulness of rich glorious grace
In Christ is to be found!
Look to him, soul; thou shalt be heal'd
Of ev'ry deadly wound.

2. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Dwell in him bodily:
In Jesu's face the glory shines
Of all the Deity.

3. Believing views of grace in Christ
Set weary souls at rest;
Set free the captives, and relieve
The troubled and opprest;

4. Make strong the weak, cherish the faint,
Make glad the mourning heart;
Soul's thirst abate, and hunger break,
And ease each deadly smart;

5. Soul's life create, sin's pow'r destroy,
Lip, life, and soul, refine;
They poison sin, by pouring in
The gospel's cordial wine.

6. View not the grace in your own hearts,
That can't itself uphold:
Seek ye a risen Christ above,
The tried approved gold.

7. We view our sin that is within,
And our inherent grace,
And sin the more; yea, grow more poor:
Let's look to Jesu's face.

8. Hail, Mighty One, Eternal Son!
The glass wherein we view
The Father's shining brightness, and
His glorious person too.

9. All hail to thee, exalted Prince!
Our husband, brother, friend;
To thee all honour, glory, praise,
Be ages without end.

HYMN XLI.

1. Th' Almighty smil'd upon his Son,
When he our peace became:
God's wrath doth cease; a lasting peace
Is made 'tween God and man.

2. O! what are we, Eternity
Should choose us when undone?
In its great thoughts we then had room,
Else we to hell had gone.

3. Electing love, how didst thou move
To us in our distress!
No banks can bound, no line can sound
Thee, ocean bottomless.

4. Our mounts of sin can't bound thee in,
Nor hinder thy proceed:
Like Jordan, thou didst overflow
Its mighty banks with speed.

5. Thus heav'n shall be eternally
The saint's inheritance;
With glories crown'd, for ever drown'd
In joy's eternal trance.

6. Then let us, Lord, with one accord,
Thy praises celebrate:

Praise doth for thee, O glorious Three,
In thy Mount Zion wait.

7. Let them that be now sav'd by thee,
In soul and body too,
To thee repair, God hearing pray'r,
With highest praises now.

HYMN XLII.

1. What mighty weight of glory, Lord,
In heav'n for saints prepared is!
Rivers of pleasure, endless joys;
What boundless ocean of bliss!

2. No sin nor sorrow enter there,
All tears from eyes are wiped away;
No shade of darkness or of night,
But all a bright, eternal day.

3. There we shall see as we are seen,
Appearing in Christ's glory too;
Array'd with his most shining robes,
His face we shall for ever view!

4. Poor Christless souls, what will you do?
You have no lot nor portion here:
Our pained bowels yearn for you;
O! come, and learn our Lord to fear.

5. Come, join with us in covenant,
Perpetually to serve the Lord,
And you shall see yourselves in him
Discharg'd, according to his word.

6. Once we were dead in sin, as you,
But now we are alive in Christ:
Come, you, take him as we have done,
Our glorious Prophet, King, and Priest.

7. We that redeem'd are by His blood,
From nations, kindreds, people, tongues,
Let us in Zion praises give,
And magnify his name with songs.

HYMN XLIII.

1. CHRIST is the same as e'er he was,
As full of truth and grace:
There 's the same pity as e'er was,
In his exalted face:

2. As full of love, as when at first
He undertook for us:
He is a God that changeth not,
But is for ever thus.

3. As full of pity to poor souls,
As when he on the tree
Did hang, thy bleeding sacrifice,
And vengeance bore for thee.

4. Sinners, he is as able (now,
Yea, and as willing too,)
To save you, as when he at first
Did grace proclaim to you.

5. Come, therefore on his bowels roll;
Behold, they yearn for you:
His pity and his mercy be
As boundless as they' re true.

6. Give honour to King Jesus, saints;
Honour his grace and truth:
This glorious He, a green Fir-tree,
Has still the dew of youth.

HYMN XLIV.

1. MAKE good thy word, O mighty Lord,
To thy beloved Son;
Take to his throne thy Holy One,
Our glorious Solomon.

2. We sigh to see how all things be,
Ev'n in Immanuel's land:
The wicked mad, the righteous sad,
Whilst thou withhold'st thy hand.

3. This Morning-star seems very far;
This budding Branch to die;
This King, so crown'd, to be dethron'd;
This Captain seems to fly.

4. His purchas'd crown seems tumbling down;
This Lion seeks no prey;
Confus'dly hurl'd is this mad world:
Sweet Jesus! haste away.

5. Arise, O Sun, with glory run,
To perfect noon break forth:
Make nations bright, and with thy light,
O! cover all the earth.

6. Great God of Love! send from above
Thy new Jerusalem;
On Jesu's head, cause thou to spread
His sparkling diadem.

7. Hosannahs! Hallelujahs! ring;
Our Jesus comes apace:
Bow ev'ry knee, all hell shall flee
From th' terror of his face.

8. Flow, mighty hills, like rivers swift,
And, mountains, flee away;

A Lamb you 'll see a Lion be,
That riseth to the prey.

9. With glory and exceeding pow'r,
He on the clouds doth sit;
The clouds we see, so black that be,
The dust are of his feet.

HYMN XLV.

1. Lord, when thou from eternity
Didst see us float in sin's abyss,
We floated then in thy good will:
O! was there ever love like this?

2. When vile and filthy, thou to us
Didst thine eternal grace incline;
When we most hateful were, didst love:
O! was there ever love like thine?

3. Thou took'st us, tho' thou didst foresee
What odious rebels we would prove;
Malicious, froward, obstinate:
O! was there ever such a love?

4. Must the Eternal swear to us,
Through faith we should not glory miss?
Must Jesu's death this ratify?
O! was there ever love like this?

5. Must God engage, by word and oath,
To make us with his grace to shine,
And give us heaven at the last?
O! was there ever love like thine?

6. O! what is heaven? who can tell,
Who can conceive that boundless bliss?
'Tis with Christ's glory to be dress'd:
O! was there ever love like this?

7. Lord, being amaz'd with thy love,
We do our admiration raise:
With boundless love astonish'd, thus,
In our amazement, speak thy praise!

8. O, hallelujah, glory, pow'r,
Thanksgiving, might, and majesty,
Be now and ever, Lord, by us,
And by all thine, ascrib'd to thee.

HYMN XLVI.

On some Verses in Isaiah, liii.

1. Our Jesus pour'd his soul to death,
And with the wicked made his grave:
The Father pleas'd to crush him thus,
That he thereby might sinners save.

2. Therefore he shall prolong his days,
Until the day of judgment 's o'er:
Then shall he see his num'rous seed
His travailing soul unto him bore.

3. In that great host he shall rejoice;
And to his Father, with delight,
Present them there, for to remain
In his and in his Father's sight.

4. For he acquitted them from death,
And therefore made them to believe:
This was his right to do, because
He died for them that they might live.

5. Because he weighty vengeance bore,
The Father will divide to him
A portion with the great and strong,
And he shall spoil death, hell, and sin.

6. Blest be Jehovah! among us
A spoil is giv'n him with the strong;
With joy, we witness that our Lord
Hath had a portion in this throng.

7. We hope His greatest lot 's behind;
His death and sufferings for him plead:
He that did for poor sinners die,
Now ever lives to intercede.

HYMN XLVII.

A Hymn sung at Mr. B——'s Funeral Sermon, 1 *Cor.* xv.

1. Bless'd are the dead that die in Christ,
They triumph over death:
In falling they do conquer, and
Live in their latest breath.

2. How, in the chariot of free grace,
The sav'd one triumph does!
And when death strikes him to the heart,
O'er death he triumphs thus.

3. O armed justice! what say'st thou?
Death hath no sting from thee!
Thou art become my best of friends,
Whom Jesus has set free.

4. O law of God! where are thy swords
Of threats and sore demands?
My Jesu's death hath wrested them
Out of Death's cruel hands.

5. O sin! the bitter sting of death,
Both in its filth and guilt;
My Jesus now destroy'd them quite,
By th' blood that he hath spilt.

6. Thou cruel executioner!
Vile Satan! what say'st thou?
I scorn thy arts, threats, and assaults;
Thou canst not reach me now!

7. Thou, conscience, that didst use to smart,
Thou now art fully eas'd;
The storm that troubled thee now is
Eternally appeas'd.

8. But, O poor sinners! what will you
Do, when death comes to give
The blow, which sends you down to hell,
Without the least reprieve?

9. Death 's to the good an end of woe,
But doth your woe begin;
Heaven's gate to them, but hell's to you
That live and die in sin.

HYMN XLVIII.

On the Second Sermon.

1. Though the dead bodies of the saints,
Thou dost, devouring grace, destroy,
Yet in the last day they shall rise:
Then, grave, where is thy victory?

2. When sea and grave must them resign,
And all their prisons open fly,
To let the dead in Christ arise,
Then, grave, where is thy victory?

3. Corrupted, drossy dust and clay,
When first they fall, the tombs them have;
Thence incorruptible they 'll rise:
Then, where 's thy victory, O grave?

4. Thou dost prepare their dust to rise,
Most glorious bodies, bright and free:
O grave, is this the worst thou dost?
Then, grave, where is thy victory?

5. Thou, great alembic, dost distil
Frail 'mortal bodies, that they be
Immortal, glorious, spiritual:
Then, grave, where is thy victory?

6. True, thou deprivest and deprav'st,
By rotting sinners' carcases,
For future woes and plagues; we grant,
Thou hast a conquest over these.

HYMN XLIX.

A Paraphrase on Psalm cxxxiii.

1. Lo! what a pleasant, lovely sight,
How full of ravishing delight
Is it, that children should agree,
That are of the same family!

2. 'Tis like the consecrated oil,
Rich, precious, of a fragrant smell,
That was divinely pour'd and shed
On the high priest's devoted head;

3. That, smelling sweetly, did o'erflow
His garment and his members too;
O'er every member it did stream,
And it perfumed every hem.

4. Thus the communion of the saints
Perfumes the body 'n all its joints;
Supples, and heals, and smoothes each part,
And eases ev'ry deadly smart.

5. 'Tis like the dew on Hermon's top,
That gave a fruitful, smiling crop;
And like the dew on Zion's hill,
That made it green and grassy still.

6. In Zion blessing 's to be had;
Our hearts rejoice there, and are glad:
There glorious riches are in store;
There 's given out life for evermore.

HXMN L.

1. O GRACE! recover'd sinners should
Than Adam happier be;
Than Adam in his best estate,
Most glorious, and more free.

2. Faith views, obeys, loves, and enjoys
In Christ, the God of grace,
Beyond what perfect reason could,
When with its clearest face.

3. Eternal, sovereign, reigning grace
Does elect sinners lead
Thro' various rooms, the courts of bliss
And glory for to tread.

4. First, in estate of happiness,
In upright Adam blest,
Fill'd with a perfect natural bliss:
But that is not their rest.

5. Down tumble thence to sin's abyss,
As low as death and hell;
That grace, in raising them from thence,
Might boundless worth reveal.

6. Rais'd unto faith i' th' wilderness,
Faith, weak, imperfect, faint,

Mix'd with law, guilt, and unbelief,
With doubting and complaint.

7. Then to the Canaan of faith here,
They pass unto their rest;
From thence to th' New Jerusalem,
Whence tears and griefs have ceas'd.

8. And, having judg'd the world with Christ,
To glory have a call;
With Christ then swallow'd up in God,
And God be all in all.

9. Glory and praise, in Christ our Head,
Be given unto him
Whose love eternal this ordain'd
To us, when sunk in sin.

HYMN LI.

1. ELECTING grace, by justice stop'd,
Could not find out a passage free,
'Till the Redeemer step'd between;
And that too from eternity.

2. The current of election, stop'd,
Finds vent in Jesu's wounded sides;
The boundless sea of God-like love
O'erflow'd in those blest purple tides.

3. Grace, through the righteousness of Christ,
Must channels find, ere the decree
Of God's electing, inf'nite love
Could perfect and completed be.

4. Conscience can ne'er be truly eas'd,
Until atonement it believes;
Nothing can cure its wounds, but what
To justice satisfaction gives.

3. The conscience from dead works alone
The blood of Christ must pacify;
The precious blood o' th' Lamb of God
From guilt and filth must set us free.

4. Hosannah! to the God of grace,
Hosannah! to the God of love,
That, through his wounded, pierced Son,
Proclaim'd such tidings from above.

HYMN LII.

1. The Gospel does declare
Electing grace alone,
That's hid in Christ, our great High-priest
Does sit upon the throne.

2. Our Christ hath dearly bought
This grace, and yet 'tis free;
Whatever it our Jesus cost,
'Tis free for thee and me.

3. Electing love does you,
O chosen ones! embrace;
Whilst millions fall on the right and left,
Ye saved are by grace.

4. What grace is this, indeed!
That vilest, poorest we,
The most polluted rebels, sunk
In deepest misery,

5. Should to this high degree
Of honour chosen be,
Vessels of mercy, to be fill'd
With love eternally!

6. Whilst sinners, once unfin'd,
More wise, rich, mighty all,

That might have honour'd Jesus more,
Are left to sink i'th' fall.

7. What grace distinguishing
To me and thee is this!
That have found out that Pearl of Price,
Which thousand others miss;

8. That we should chosen be,
Who might have been as well
Of that forlorn and wretched troop
That should have march'd to hell!

9. When we salvation view
In its Foundation-stone,
We 're made to cry together, Grace!
Yea, grace, free grace, alone!

HYMN LIII.

A Hymn sung on a Day of Thanksgiving, set apart by a Church of Christ, to celebrate and praise the Lord, for his late favours and mercies unto them.

1. Exalted praise in Zion waits
For him that loves his Zion's gates:
His church he values far more than
The dwellings of Jerusalem.

2. There he takes up his resting-place;
There he bestows his glorious grace;
There life and blessings he commands;
And there array'd with glory stands.

3. There he his name and glory placed,
His foot-stool hath with honour graced:

And there his mighty horns do spread,
And 's crown doth flourish on his head.

4. His house we are, if we hold fast
Our confidence unto the last,
And firm, rejoicing to the end;
Whence still his blessings down he 'll send.

5. It pleased our Lord and Master thus
To give the kingdom unto us,
Who are but low and in distress,
While shining in his comeliness.

6. When, in the trying season, we
Did from his cause and banner flee;
And many did with idols join,
Yet thou took'st pity upon thine.

7. Tho' great 's the blow that did remove
Thy servant, whom our souls did love,
And with fine wheat had fed us years,
That we were sunk in grief of fears:

8. Yet, though the ship was toss'd in storms,
Our sleeping Lord secured from harms,
And did a gracious message send,
That we our evil ways amend.

9. Then bone to bone did come again,
Through all the visionary plain;
The scatter'd members did agree
To dwell again in unity.

10. O boundless Grace! that did us know,
When we were scatter'd, poor and low:
His mercy doth for e'er endure:
O love eternal, boundless, sure!

11. Another prophet came again,
With prophecies a second time;

We should return and build God's house,
And he anew would us espouse.

12. The Spirit of our Jesus came
With that blest word, and did inflame
Our hearts with zeal and holy trust,
And made us favour Zion's dust.

13. We rose to build, and Christ rose too;
His goodness before us did flow:
His glory did descend upon
Our tabernacle, and there shone.

14. To Zion then were great resorts,
And many flock'd unto her courts:
The golden gate stood always ope,
Then Achor's valley a door of hope.

15. O boundless grace! that did us know,
When we were scatter'd, poor, and low:
His mercy doth for e'er endure:
O love eternal, boundless, sure!

16. But then a sudden cloud arose,
'Tween Christ and us did interpose:
A night comes on, a cloudy day;
Our glory soon was snatch'd away.

17. Our gold grew on a sudden dim;
Our crown of glory fell by sin;
Our sweet to gall and wormwood turn'd;
And Zion's solemn meetings mourn'd.

18. Her paths, for the most part untrod,
Deserted by an angry God;
Her builders fail; the work doth cease;
They sliding were to sinful ease.

19. The forwardest began to shrink;
The bearers of the burdens sink;

We spent our months for to complain;
And then our Lord return'd again.

20. O boundless grace! that did us know,
When we were scatter'd, poor, and low:
His mercy doth for e'er endure:
O love eternal, boundless, sure!

21. Then our Beloved came apace
Into his garden with his grace,
Upon his bride again to shine;
And brings his honey, myrrh, and wine.

22. He joyful messages doth bring;
Makes us of love and mercy sing:
Then various sinners, a great train,
Are to this Zion born again.

23. Now light and life, with Zion's King,
Come to her; songs anew they sing;
And Zion's gates are ope again
Unto her flock, a numerous train.

24. Her converts, very bright and fair;
Her stones, the beauteous saphires are:
The Lord anointed them above
Their fellows, then with joy and love.

25. The Lord doth for our quiet care;
His arm, too, for us is made bare:
Though to this day we do provoke,
We murmur, and we tempt his stroke.

26. Yet in this Isr'el he don't see
Perverseness or iniquity;
God, in the righteousness of Christ,
Our merciful and great High-priest.

27. We further glory shall behold;
He 'll for our silver give us gold:

We shall greater things receive,
If we hold on and do believe.

28. Because of all this mighty grace,
At his high throne and resting-place
We meet, to offer up, this day,
The sacrifice of thanks and praise.

29. 'Fore him, the God of grace and love,
That sits upon the throne above,
That lives and reigns for evermore,
We prostrate fall, now to adore.

30. Worthy 's the Lamb upon the throne,
That once was slain, that once did moan;
All power, riches, strength, to have,
All honour, glory, to receive.

31. O boundless grace! that did us know,
When we were scatter'd poor and low:
His mercy doth for e'er endure;
O love eternal, boundless, sure!

HYMN LIV.

1. Let 's sing the praises of the Lamb,
Whose blood has made us bright,
And whose obedience to the law
Has made us perfect white.

2. Yea, we in him more righteous are
Than Adam e'er could be;
With an obedience God-like, he
Obey'd for thee and me.

3. The law is fully satisfied,
The law is honoured too:
Not a mere man, God-man obey'd,
And that was more than due.

4. The law of works cannot condemn,
Nor aught of us demand;
We give full satisfaction to 't,
Through our Redeemer's hand.

5. We righteous are in a law-sense,
And therefore justified;
Our Jesus, risen, now doth plead
That once obey'd and died.

BOOK II.

HYMN I.

1. All ye seraphic trains above,
In silence now remain:
None can set forth electing love,
But Jesus that was slain.

2. The Father's love to sinners is
So great that none can know:
Nothing but Jesus crucified,
Electing love can show.

3. The brightness of electing grace
We no where else can see,
But in those purple streams alone
Which Jesus bled for me.

4. Come, sinners, come, behold what love
Christ's bleeding sides did run!
By faith see Jesus pierc'd for you,
If you for sin would mourn.

5. Your tears, like Mary's, then will flow,
When Jesu's wounds you see:
You will abhor yourselves, and cry,
'Was Jesus pierc'd for me?'

HYMN II.

1. 'Tis finish'd! cried our dying Lord,
When he hung on the tree:
O! what a pleasant sound indeed,
It finished, is to me!

2. Sin, that was finish'd on the cross,
With Christ 'twas crucified:
Our Lord did make an end of sin,
When on the cross he died.

3. Wrath, it was also finish'd, too,
Upon our Lord, when he
Did give himself a sacrifice,
And nail'd was to the tree.

4. Yea, righteousness was finish'd too,
And was completed, when
Our Jesus poured forth his soul
For us rebellious men.

5. Tis finish'd! now before the throne
Christ's blood doth pleading cry:
'Tis finish'd! in the conscience, too,
It soundeth pleasantly.

6. 'Tis finish'd! is a joyful sound;
What tongue can silent be?

Raptures of praise let 's sing always,
Our Jesus, unto thee.

HYMN III.

1. O! THOU art fair, my love, I say,
There is no spot in thee;
Not only fair, but all fair too,
No spot in thee I see.

2. Whose voice is this I hear, so sweet?
'Tis my beloved's sure,
That tells me thou art now so fair,
So spotless, and so pure.

3. My love, 'tis I that tell thee so,
'Tis thy beloved's voice,
That tells thee thou art now so fair,
That thou may'st now rejoice.

4. What did he say, I now am fair?
Alas! how can it be,
That I, that nothing am but spots,
Should now so spotless be?

5. Sure he doth mean I shall be so,
Not that I now am fair:
Can such a vile, polluted wretch
Without a spot appear?

6. O, stay my love, and hark to me,
I say, thou art fair now;
O, stay thy reasoning awhile,
And I will tell thee how:

7. My love, 'tis I have made thee so;
My blood has made thee white;
My righteousness hath thee array'd,
And made thee dazzling bright.

8. I, in my body, once did bear
Thy sins upon the tree;
My standing in thy room and stead
Hath made thee spotless be.

9. O my Beloved, hold thy peace,
Thy love transporting is;
O, stay me, I am sick of love;
O! what a love is this!

10. What finite wisdom can conceive,
What pen or tongue can show
The vast dimensions of his love,
That in these streams did flow?

11. I mean those bleeding purple streams
That from Christ's side did run;
There you may see the love of Three;
And yet these Three are One.

HYMN IV.

1. Rejoice, ye saints, in praises high;
Your robes are fair and white;
The Lamb presents you evermore
To th' Father with delight.

2. Sing, therefore, ye redeemed ones,
His praises let us show,
That with his blood hath made us white,
Yea, whiter than the snow.

3. What love, our lovely Lord, is this,
That in thy blood doth shine!
Let 's evermore thy love adore:
No love was e'er like thine.

4. By faith let 's take a turn about
Our bleeding Lord, and see

What love his bleeding sides did run,
When he hung on the tree.

5. Let cherubim and seraphim,
That now are round the throne,
Salvation sing unto the Lamb,
That worthy is alone.

HYMN V.

1. Our Surety, from eternity,
Engag'd himself to pay
Our debts to th' Father to the full,
At the appointed day.

2. The Father took our Surety's word,
And therefore did set free
Those saints that died before our Lord
Did hang upon the tree.

3. They were to glory also gone,
And there were happy made,
Before our Lord had of their debts
The actual payment paid.

4. But now, in gospel-days, we do
That glorious myst'ry see,
That all our debts to th' full were paid
When Christ hung on the tree.

5. We need no sacrifices bring
But th' sacrifice of praise;
In songs of triumph we may spend
Our now remaining days.

6. For sure it will not now be long
Ere we our Lord shall see;
And evermore our Lord adore,
When we with him shall be.

HYMN VI.

1. We, through the law of life in Christ,
   From Moses are set free;
   And, being dead to th' law, we live
   That grace might honour'd be.

2. We cease to work for life; yet work
   As if we life should gain:
   We work not 'cause the law commands;
   Christ's love doth us constrain.

3. We 're drawn to work by th' law of love,
   Which gently doth constrain;
   This makes our service a delight,
   Our labour without pain.

4. Constraining grace doth set 's awork;
   Not conscience, rage, and pain:
   We do not work 'cause Moses bids,
   But 'cause the Lamb is slain.

5. O sinners! would you work aright,
   Come unto Jesus then,
   Who hath o' th' Father gifts receiv'd,
   For us rebellious men.

6. There 's life and strength in Christ alone,
   Which Moses cannot give;
   Which to the law will make you dead,
   That you to God may live.

HYMN VII.

1. Come, let us triumph in the Lamb,
   Our Lord, that once did die:
   We that believe in Jesus may
   Have everlasting joy.

2. Come, law of God, what hast thou now
Of us for to demand?
Thy curses all did meet on Christ,
That did our surety stand.

3. Though we do sin, thou canst not curse;
The curses all did lie
Upon our bleeding Lord, when he
Our sacrifice did die.

4. Come, justice, where is now thy charge?
What hast thou now to show?
We do to thee present the blood
That from Christ's side did flow.

5. Thine arrows all did meet in him,
When nailed to the tree:
Our Lord himself, he did become
A sacrifice to thee.

6. Vile Satan, where are now thy bills?
Our sins cannot be found;
The God-like garment of our Lord
Completely wraps us round.

7. O, Hallelujah to the Lamb,
That hath now set us free!
Our crowns we throw thy feet below,
And give the praise to thee.

HYMN VIII.

1. What meaneth this tumultuous noise
That in the nations be?
The Lamb is hast'ning to his throne,
We in these clouds may see.

2. His chariot-wheels do come apace;
He 's hasting on his way:

Come quickly, our Beloved, come,
Sweet Jesus! don't delay.

3. Haste, be thou like a roe or hart
That on the mountains be,
Until the day doth clearly break,
And all the shadows flee.

4. Thy love-sick spouse, Lord, knows not how
Thy absence thus to bear:
Thy presence most delightful is,
Thou art to us most dear.

5. O! therefore haste, our lovely Lord!
We long thy face to see:
Come swiftly, like a roe or hart,
That on the mountains be.

HYMN IX.

1. All the seraphic trains above
Are stooping down below,
To learn o'th' Church that mystery
Past ages did not know.

2. But now the veil is rent in twain,
The myst'ry is unfold;
Justice and mercy reconcil'd
We now by faith behold.

3. We now in gospel-days may go
Into the holy place:
We in a bleeding Jesus see
God's reconciled face.

4. Our sins, past, present, and to come,
Are now all cover'd o'er
I'th' ocean of our Saviour's blood,
Where they shall rise no more.

5. To God, in our own nature, we
In gospel-days do go:
Mount Sinai's saints did little of
These glorious myst'ries know:

6. These mysteries, from ages past,
Within the veil were pent;
But when our Lord hung on the cross,
The veil in twain was rent.

7. Now glorious grace unveiled is,
And in Christ's face doth shine;
There drink may we abundantly
Of well-refined wine.

HYMN X.

1. To him, the Lamb upon the throne,
Whose flesh the Godhead fills,
And all its rays are there display'd,
In whom all fulness dwells;

2. To him that wash'd us in his blood,
Let 's praise and honour sing:
Let us adore and magnify
Our great, exalted King.

3. Come, ye redeemed ones, sound forth
New songs of praise unto
Him that hath wash'd you from your sins,
And made you white as snow:

4. And now, in robes most richly wrought,
We to the King are brought,
Surpassing angels, that have not
A robe so richly wrought.

5. We, therefore, throw our crowns below
That awful seat and throne;

Singing the Lamb's new song, and say,
'Thou worthy art alone,

6. 'All praise and honour for to have,
'By us for evermore.'
Sing praises, therefore, to the Lamb,
And sing for evermore.

HYMN XI.

1. COME, sing, O ye redeemed ones!
To th' Lamb upon the throne:
Sound forth the praises of the Lamb,
The Father's Holy One.

2. O! take a turn by faith about
The bleeding Lamb of God;
O! see him crying out under
His Father's heavy rod.

3. O! see him wounded for your sins:
Behold your bleeding Lord,
Receiving, in his bleeding side,
The Father's flaming sword.

4. Look to your pierced Lord, ye saints,
Then you indeed shall mourn
As one that weepeth bitterly,
As for an only son.

5. Behold, what streams of love did flow
Thus from your pierced Lord,
When that the Father did against
His fellow shake his sword!

6. Which gave the reconciling blow
(O, here was love indeed!)
On him, the victim of our peace,
And we thereby were freed.

HYMN XII.

1. Come, let 's our dearest Jesus view,
That for our sins was slain;
And gave himself for us, that we
Might with him ever reign.

2. Our dearest Jesus, if a taste
Of love be here so sweet,
What will it be, when we shall with
Our dear Beloved meet?

3. If now and then a smile from thee
Be sweet, that 's quickly gone,
What will the sight of vision be
That never shall be done?

4. If we are taken to the mount
One moment, while below,
If thou the veil dost draw aside,
And us thy glory show;

5. We then cry out, ' We 're sick of love,
And with thee long to be:'
O, then, how shall we burn with love,
When face to face we see!

6. When clouds shall interpose no more,
No veil shall be between;
But we our dearest Lord shall see
As we ourselves are seen:

7. And we, as reigning kings and priests,
Shall hallelujah sing
For ever, to the reigning Lamb,
Our now exalted King.

8. O! now let 's sing the Lamb's new song,
And also him adore;

The day is coming, we shall be
With him for evermore.

HYMN XIII.

1. How beautiful, upon the mount,
Are they that peace proclaim;
That unto rebels offer grace,
In their great Master's name:

2. That unto captives do declare
Glad tidings, and do tell,
To sinners, there's a Ransom found
To save their souls from hell!

3. Such joyful tidings do bow down
Stout sturdy rebels, and
Such love and grace doth sinners make
In admiration stand.

4. Mount Sinai's fiery law won't break
A heart that's like a stone;
Its flaming arrows at the walls
Of brass in vain are thrown.

5. 'Tis only pardon that doth melt,
And love does sinners draw;
'Tis grace doth quench the thirst of sin,
And not the threats o'th' law.

6. What mean such then, that terror preach,
And Sinai's law proclaim?
Since 'tis not Sinai's fiery dart
Will quench sin's rage and flame.

7. The message they are sent withal,
That in Christ's name do go,
It is to offer pard'ning grace
To sinners, while they 're so.

HYMN XIV.

1. Rise, Zion, shine, thy light is come,
The glorious day 's begun!
These beams we see, so bright that be,
Dart from the glorious sun

2. Of righteousness, that rising is:
The day doth dawn apace:
The songs of praise we hear a-days
Of Christ and his free grace,

3. Are tokens plain, the Lamb, once slain,
Is hast'ning to his throne:
The bride doth say, Come, haste away,
My dear, beloved One.

4. The saints rejoice; the turtle's voice
Is heard within our land:
The hundred forty-four thousand
Do on Mount Zion stand;

5. And there they sing, to Christ their King,
Their songs, in such a strain,
That there are none, but those alone
For whom the Lamb was slain,

6. Can learn the songs the saints do sing:
The song of Moses now
Is laid aside by the Lamb's bride,
'Cause 'tis a note too low.

7. Ye taught ones of the Lord, sing praise
To th' Lamb the throne upon;
'Tis only he taught you and me
To sing the Lamb's new song.

HYMN XV.

1. O MY dove! that art in the clefts,
Within the rocks that be,
And in the secret place o' th' stairs,
Where thou no light canst see;

2. Though thou art in the dark, yet I
Thy countenance would see;
For it is comely, and thy voice
Most pleasant is to me.

3. Give me, therefore, one look of faith,
My sister, and my bride,
My love, my dove, my fair one that
Within the rocks reside.

4. My love, my undefiled one,
Though in the clefts thou art,
And in the dark, one act of faith
Will steal away my heart.

5. O! do not think my heart is chang'd;
I am not like to thee:
I lov'd thee so, I died for love
When thou didst not love me.

6. O, hark, my soul! whose voice is this
That sounds so pleasantly?
It is my Jesu's, that did once
For such a rebel die.

7. O unbelief! thou enemy,
What stories didst thou tell?
What message didst thou bring to me?
Was it not fram'd in hell?

8. My Jesus, that did bleed for me
When I a rebel was,
His heart 's the same to me, as when
He hung upon the cross.

HYMN XVI.

1. THY names, O Jesus! pleasant are,
Like ointment poured forth:
It is by Christ alone that we
Deliver'd are from wrath.

2. Jesus his name is called, and
It hath a pleasant sound;
'Cause he doth save us from our sins,
And our rebellions drown.

3. His name, the Lord our Righteousness,
That hath a pleasant sound;
That garment coyers all our spots;
That robe does wrap us round.

4. His name, our Advocate, also,
That soundeth pleasantly;
'Cause he doth live to intercede,
That once for us did die.

5. His name, our Passover, also,
That sacrificed was,
Is pleasant, 'cause his blood being seen,
Justice does o'er us pass.

6. Like precious ointment, also, is
His name; a stone that 's tried,
A precious stone, thus Jesus is,
That for poor sinners died.

HYMN XVII.

1. O, WORTHY is the Lamb of God,
To be exalted in
The hearts of the redeemed ones,
'Cause he saves them from sin.

2. His righteousness, reveal'd unto
The soul, doth sin destroy;
And Jesu's death, i' th' conscience, is
Sin's death immediately.

3. When Christ within the soul (where sin
Did reign) his grace displays;
Pardoning grace doth sin displace,
By its bright glorious rays.

4. This glorious Son doth rule among
(By righteousness) his foes;
This Lamb that 's slain, destroys sin's reign,
And all that him oppose.

5. O grace! rich glorious grace indeed!
Must Jesu's death destroy
My lusts and sin, that reign within?
O grace! reign gloriously.

HYMN XVIII.

1. In Christ we sin do overcome:
Such sights do sin destroy:
Pardoning grace in Jesu's face
Doth fill the soul with joy.

2. These sights of sin, that we see in
The blood of Christ, doth give
New strength unto the soul to go
To Christ, and so to live.

3. By th' life of Him that conquer'd sin,
And did the vict'ry gain:
Therefore away, and do not stay,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

4. Thus Christ reveal'd the conscience in,
Destroys the pow'r and throne

Of sin, that had usurp'd within,
Where Christ should reign alone.

5. Come, saints, go forth with courage, then,
Your Lord hath got the day;
And sin hath slain, that grace might reign
Within your souls alway.

HYMN XIX.

1. BRIGHT burning beams of gospel-grace,
Haste, Lord, for to display,
For to burn up in all thy saints
Their stubble, wood, and hay.

2. Break forth, O Sun of Righteousness!
Unto the perfect day;
Haste, Holy One, unto thy throne;
Our Jesus, haste away.

3. But, O! who may abide that day,
When Zion's King shall reign?
Who may abide, when he the pride
Of all proud flesh will stain?

4. Tremble, ye careless ones, that are
At ease in Zion, and
Wonder, and stay, because that day
Is very near at hand!

5. It now doth dawn, this glorious morn
Beginning, is t' appear;
What do mean else these lowings, and
These bleatings we do hear?

6. The saints do sing to Christ their King,
Whilst others rage with pain;
Because o' th' bright and dazzling light,
O' th' Lamb, that once was slain.

7. Redeemed ones, sing praises, for
This fire is but to try,
And purge your dross, that by its loss
Christ may you purify.

HYMN XX.

1. The Lamb of God is Zion's King;
In righteousness he reigns:
Sing praises, therefore, all ye isles,
Sound forth triumphant strains.

2. O isles, break forth in praises high;
Your crowned King doth reign
Both King of heaven, earth, and hell,
Because he once was slain.

3. He reigns in heav'n gloriously:
To the Lamb, Salvation
Is sounded forth continually,
By the angels round the throne.

4. This Lamb doth also reign on earth,
The saints do praises sing;
The isles do sound the praises of
Zion's exalted King.

5. The hay and stubble of the saints
Consum'd shall be away,
When this bright Sun of Righteousness
Breaks forth to perfect day.

6. O, hallelujah! let the isles
Sing unto Zion's King;
That unto them salvation,
Through righteousness, doth bring.

HYMN XXI.

1. Come, saints, and view eternal love
In its bright glorious reign!
O, see its rays, and bright displays
I' th' Lamb, when he was slain.

2. The deluge of electing grace
Was broken up, indeed,
And, like an ocean, did run
Through Christ, when he did bleed.

3. Infinite, true, almighty too,
Grace then appear'd to be;
By conquering law, hell, and sin,
When Christ hung on the tree.

4. Mount Sinai's fiery curses all
Came smoking on our Lord;
But grace's reign the curse hath slain,
And snatch'd away the sword

5. Of justice, that so bright did flame
No sinner might come nigh;
But grace did op'n the heart of Christ,
And quench'd it presently.

6. Like Sampson's cords, our sins did bind
Our Jesus to the tree;
But grace, like fire, consum'd them all,
And set our Sampson free.

7. O, silence, men and angels too!
What grace is, none can tell;
Nothing but Jesu's blood can speak
Electing language well.

HYMN XXII.

1. Come, let us praise Electing Grace,
That chose us when undone;
That did delight to make us bright,
And therefore gave His Son,

2. To spill his precious God-like blood,
To purge us from all stain,
And make us kings and priests to God,
That we might with him reign.

3. How did Electing Love display
Its royal sceptre in
The blood of Christ, our great High-priest,
When he aton'd for sin!

4. O grace! rich, glorious grace, indeed!
That delug'd forth so free: [ran
Through those bright purple streams that
From Christ, when on the tree.

5. Come, saints, and view your pierced Lord,
That you may mourn indeed:
O! see what streams of love did flow
Through Christ when he did bleed.

6. Then you asham'd shall be, and loathe
Yourselves for what you 've done;
Beholding th' Father reconcil'd
To you, through 's only Son.

7. And sinners, if you 'd mourn aright,
Look to the Lamb that 's slain;
Where'er for mourning else you look,
Your looking is in vain.

HYMN XXIII.

1. The Lord doth Zion found;
Her building must be strong;
Jehovah is her righteousness,
God 's her salvation.

2. The Lord her stones hath laid
In colours that are fair;
And her foundations also
Of polish'd saphires are.

3. Jerusalem is built
With towers all around:
We 'll tell the nation's messengers,
The Lord doth Zion found.

4. God, in her palaces,
Is known a refuge strong;
A cup shall she of trembling be
The nations among.

5. All that against her fight,
Weary themselves in vain;
For in Mount Zion gloriously
King Jesus he doth reign.

6. Therefore in Judah's land
We have this pleasant song:
We have a city very sure,
God 's her salvation.

7. No violence shall more
Be heard at all in thee:
The sons of those that did oppose
Shall bended suppliants be.

8. They that despis'd thee, too,
Shall at thy feet bow down,

And call thee by Jehovah's name,
Because of thy renown.

9. The sun shall be no more
By day to thee a light;
Jehovah he thy light shall be,
Thy God, thy glory bright.

10. Thou, in Jehovah's hand,
Shalt be a precious gem;
Yea, thou shalt be, eternally,
A royal diadem.

11. Forsaken thou shalt not
At all for ever be;
Because Jehovah doth rejoice,
Thy God doth joy in thee.

12. Therefore the nations all
Shall smitten be with fear;
Because Jehovah-Shammah is
Her name, the Lord is there.

HYMN XXIV.

1. WHAT ails the nations angry be?
What noise is this we hear?
The gospel takes away their gods,
And that they cannot bear.

2. The exaltation of the Lamb,
Whose glory's shining forth,
Hath these tumultuous noises made,
And made the people wroth.

3. The saints begin to speak in such
An evangelic strain;
The conscience of the pharisee
It fills with rage and pain.

4. The hundred and forty-four thousand
In such a strain do sing,
That none but the redeemed ones
Can touch upon that string.

5. The work-monger he wonders why
The saints do always sing;
And cannot bear their triumph, 'cause
It doth his conscience sting.

6. Come, saints, strike up your songs of praise,
Though men and devils join;
The scribe and pharisee also
Together do combine.

7. It 's all in vain, the Lamb is slain,
And lives for evermore:
We therefore sing unto our King,
And always him adore.

HYMN XXV.

1. Sinners are sav'd alone by grace,
And works excluded be:
Come, sinner, therefore come to Christ,
His robe will cover thee.

2. Thou need'st not bring price in thy hand;
Thy works must not come in;
Christ's robe alone will hide the spots,
And cover all thy sin.

3. What though thy sins be very great,
And of the deepest dye?
There is no perishing for thee,
If thou to Jesus fly.

4. Sinners, have you a mind to Christ,
And make a match with him?

Come, then, though nothing in yourselves
Ye have, but lusts and sin.

5. God, in the gospel, offers grace
To th' worst of sinners still:
His royal proclamation is,
That whosoever will,

6. Let him come drink of pard'ning grace,
To quench sin's fiery rage!
Come, taste how gracious he is;
This will your thirst assuage.

7. And when you see God reconcil'd,
You 'll see your sins aright:
Free grace will make sin to appear
More odious in your sight.

HYMN XXVI.

1. O God of grace! in Jesu's face
We see thee reconcil'd;
Thy wrath him broke, he bore the stroke;
On us our Father smil'd.

2. What boundless love 's the Father's love!
No tongue can it express:
No angel can this mystery scan
To sinners in distress.

3. What strange prodigious thing is this!
(We can't conceive 't aright,)
That God should bruise his only Son,
To do his justice right!

4. O, what is sin? there 's none can tell,
But God, that 's infinite;
That God was pleas'd to crush his Son,
That was his soul's delight.

5. How stor'd with love 's the heart of Christ
To sinners here below,
That he should thus degrade himself,
And vengeance undergo!

6. How large with love 's the heart of Christ!
His soul was straitened,
'Till he had laid the ransom down,
And all was finished.

7. What ready way t' th' Father now
Is made by Jesus Christ!
Continually he 's on the throne,
Our interceding Priest:

8. Therefore do we continually,
From time to time again,
Ascribe, always, blessing and praise,
For evermore, Amen.

HYMN XXVII.

1. Our Jesus is that tender plant
That springs from highest ground;
Though Adam 's dead, Christ is our head,
In whom our fruit is found.

2. Our Jesus is a green Fir-tree;
Come, let 's sit down, and rest
Under his shade: how pleasant is
His fruit unto our taste!

3. How pleasant is his shade to us!
He always us relieves;
His fruit doth shelter, wrap us round;
Not like to Adam's leaves.

4. Come! this is not forbidden fruit:
No, no; you need not fear;

'Tis Jesus that doth bid you eat:
The serpent is not here.

5. Our Jesus is our green Fir-tree,
In him our fruit is seen;
In him our fruit doth ne'er decay,
In him we 're always green.

6. The wind, that bloweth where it lists,
Doth now begin to blow:
Hark! how the south wind shakes the fruit,
And makes it fall below.

7. Poor sinners now begin to see
The beauty of the Plant;
They see in him, laid up for them,
Whatever they do want.

8. Hark, saints! what sinners say of him,
How they are by him mov'd:
As th' apple-tree among the trees,
So is our dear Belov'd.

9. O sinners! tell us what you ail,
What makes you thus to cry;
Our Jesus was not us'd to be
So pleasant in your eye.

10. He 's brought us to his banquet-house,
To grace he 's brought us too:
His banner over us was love;
We know not what to do.

11. The love of Jesus is so strong,
Our heart, our bowels move:
Stay us with flagons, our Belov'd!
We 're sick of love, of love.

12. Blest be the Lamb for evermore,
The Lamb upon the throne:

O! blessed be our green Fir-tree,
In whom 's our fruit alone.

HYMN XXVIII.

1. How reigning grace began to reign;
From all eternity;
And we, the subjects must be made
Of it: why we? O! why?

2. Who was before eternity
To hinder grace to reign,
Or hinder God to send his Son
Us to redeem again?

3. Who spoke one word, when Jesus said,
I come to do thy will?
Who him oppos'd, when he came down
His God-like blood to spill?

4. When thus our Jesus came on earth
To die, who hinder'd him?
Though men and devils all did cry,
Away, away with him.

5. Indeed, when death took hold of him,
The grave it brought him to;
Two days it held him in its bonds,
The third it let him go.

6. O! how did men and devils strive
To get his body, dead!
The devil, bruising of his heel,
Hath got a broken head.

7. Though men, his bloody murderers,
Who did him crucify,
Who with a spear did pierce his side,
Yet they were sav'd thereby.

8. O law of sin! what hast thou got?
O Satan! what hast thou?
Free reigning grace, thro' righteousness,
Was glorified by you.

9. Although we fell as low as hell,
From thence we are made free:
He broke the bars of death and hell,
And thus escap'd are we.

10. Sinners, it 's but a folly, then,
To turn away your face;
You 'll certainly be overcome,
If once you deal with grace.

11. Who 'll hinder, then, when Jesus calls?
What devil will be there,
That can us hinder, when we mount
To meet the Lord i' th' air?

12. Let 's sing to th' honour of his grace,
By which with Christ we reign:
When Jesus comes the second time,
We 'll rise and sing again.

HYMN XXIX.

1. O WOUNDING commendation!
God did commend his only Son,
That we might reconciled be,
And, thro' his wounds, made nigh to thee.

2. Thou wicked rebel, was 't the man,
Which caus'd the sword, which justice ran
Into his God-like side, to miss
Thine own, and pointed be at his?

3. But love to us did make him cry,
While in this bitter agony,

'I am to be baptiz'd for some;
O, how I long to have it done!'

4. O love! O Lamb! we 've seen thee bleed;
Our pardons in thy wounds we read;
And on thy heart's love! love we spy,
In characters of purple dye.

5. O love! O grace! O boundless love!
'Twas it that did our Jesus move:
And love will draw, grace will constrain,
To love our loving Lord again.

6. Amazing, melting, wounding love!
Attracting, blazing from above:
Amazing love our souls has drown'd,
They 're scarcely in our bodies found.

7. O! let 's lift up our dazzled eyes
To this amazing sacrifice:
The Lamb once slain is now above,
And clothed with eternal love.

8. Honour, and glory, and renown,
Be to the Lamb upon the throne,
That once did die, that once was slain,
That ye might with him ever reign.

HYMN XXX.

1. Behold, th' atonement 's offer'd now,
The Priest with blood is gone
In th' holy place, and there appears
To keep possession.

2. Hark! how the jubilee trumpet sounds;
Which doth to us proclaim,
We can 't sell our inheritance,
It comes to us again.

3. The lot of our inheritance
Is ours, and most secure:
The testament is writ, and seal'd
With blood of Jesus, sure.

4. You that have sold your heritage,
For want or poverty,
Come to your lands, they are your own;
This is the jubilee cry.

5. Ye captive bond-slaves, come away,
That sold yourselves for nought;
The jubilee sounds, 'Ye are set free,
Ye 're not your own, ye 're bought.'

6. Honour and glory be to him
Who doth for us appear;
Let's always sing, and rest in him
This is the jubilee year.

HYMN XXXI.

1. O BOUNDLESS, boundless love!
Our Father did commend,
Which in himself was found alone,
Did not on us depend.

2. O independent love!
O rich electing grace!
Which was hid in our Father's heart;
Seen in our Jesu's face.

3. O love unchangeable!
O grace to such as we!
Which no respect to persons had,
Though we polluted be!

4. What kind of love is this,
Which through our Jesus flows!

This boundless love, God from above,
To us vile rebels shows?

5. O love! eternal love!
Who can thy bands untie?
The sacred Dove says, we are lov'd
To all eternity.

6. We shall rest in this love,
Where'er we come or go:
His mercies, sure, do yet endure;
Let the redeem'd say so.

7. Alluring love, indeed!
When we are brought so nigh,
To thrust our hands in Jesu's wounds,
Our Father's love to spy.

8. O soul-amazing love!
Which melts our hearts indeed:
O our Beloved! we are sick,
Thy love does so exceed.

9. O melting love, indeed!
O bleeding love! O grace!
Love 's broken through our Jesu's sides;
Each drop of blood cries Peace.

10. Where is that stony heart
That will forbear to break?
If, harden'd, we should silent be,
Sure rocks would melt and speak.

11. We love to hear of love,
Because he 's loving been;
And this did clearly manifest
In blotting out our sin.

12. O love! alluring love!
O melting love, indeed!

O love! returning love! will come:
We 'll follow thee with speed.

HYMN XXXII.

1. Here 's a Physician indeed!
His life he layeth down;
His heart's blood he hath poured forth,
To heal his patient's wound.

2. He knows the sinner's sickness, that
Comes to him for relief;
He knows all our infirmities,
For he hath borne our grief.

3. What love like this? what love like this?
Nothing can do us good;
Nothing can heal us of our wounds,
But our Physician's blood.

4. To cure poor sinners' sicknesses,
Must the Physician bleed?
Must our Physician's heart's blood run?
Oh, bloody cure indeed!

5. Look, sinners! don't you Jesus see,
Turning himself about;
Saying, Who is 't that toucheth me,
For virtue is gone out?

6. You that have touch'd his robes to-day,
Cry out, 'Tis me, 'tis me!
Behold, he saith, Be of good cheer,
Thy sins forgiven be.

7. Let 's praise our great Physician, then,
Who thus for sinners stood;
Who writ our pardons by his death,
And seal'd them with his blood.

HYMN XXXIII.

1. Who shall ascend the hill of faith,
The holy hill of God?
Who shall be worthy there to stand,
And there to have abode?

2. It shall be he, says justice, then,
Whose heart and hand are pure:
He shall ascend on high; yea, and
Receive the blessing sure.

3. Lift up your heads, says Jesus, then,
Ye everlasting doors;
Stand open wide for me and mine,
For I have paid their scores.

4. Whatever thou requir'st of them,
I have it here to pay.
Lift up, ye doors; I'll enter in:
Come, lift them up, I say!

5. Who is that King? says justice, then;
Who is 't that is so bold?
No sin shall ever enter in,
That I 'm resolv'd of old.

6. It is King Jesus, then saith grace,
Of heav'n and earth the Lord;
Yet freely gave the God-like breast
Unto thy flaming sword.

7. 'Tis He of whom thou didst require
His blood; yea, hadst thy fill;
And now demands possession,
For his, of Zion's Hill.

8. Is this the King? He shall come in;
Let justice mercy kiss;

Now I am fully satisfied,
I 'll plead for him and his.

9. The voice cries out a second time,
To sinners yet in sin;
Be lifted up, ye doors, and let
The King of Glory in.

10. Who is that King of Glory great,
The sinner's heart replies?
Who 's this that speaks with such com-
Saying, Ye doors arise? [mand.

11. It 's thy related Lord and King,
Which once was slain for thee;
And now is ris'n again, and cries,
My sister, ope to me.

12. Must I stand knocking here without?
What stony heart hast thou,
To let me waiting be, until
My head is filled with dew.

13. I 'll put my finger at the door,
I 'll stand no more without:
Now I am in, I 'll tell my queen
Thy sins I 've blotted out.

14. This King of Glory let 's exalt,
Who is ascended high;
By whose ascension we shall have
O'er death the victory.

HYMN XXXIV.

1. When we were far estranged from God,
And cast out of his sight,
God placed the flaming sword o' th' law,
To guard the tree of life.

2. But Jesus, being one of us,
And of the seed of man,
To get eternal life for us,
Upon the sword he ran.

3. Awake, O sword! thus saith the Lord,
Against the man like me:
If thou wilt take eternal life,
Thy heart's blood I must see.

4. Thus Jesus did receive the blow
Into his glorious side;
His wounds and blood have closed up
Our enmity so wide.

5. The gates of heaven are open'd wide;
Now sinners may come in;
For God to them is reconcil'd
All by the blood of him.

6. The sinner reconciled, too,
By grace must be entic'd;
For God to them is reconcil'd
By the rich blood of Christ.

7. Come forth, ye prisoners of hope;
Come forth, be not afraid;
The blood of Christ has made you right,
And all your debts hath paid.

8. Hark! hark! what God the Father says,
The sinner to entice:
Peace, peace to them that are far off,
All by the blood of Christ.

9. Hark! how the blood of Christ cries Peace
I' th' sinner's conscience too;
When all your works will bring no peace,
The blood of Christ will do.

10. What, though the sinner be far off,
By his rebellious sin?
The place where Jesu's blood came out,
The sinner may come in.

11. Honour to him, who unto God
Hath made us kings and priests;
We, once far off, are now made nigh,
By th' blood of Jesus Christ.

HYMN XXXV.

1. O 'MAZING wisdom, and decree!
That God's permissive will should be,
To let us fall as low as hell,
Although he loved us so well.

2. O glorious, dazzling, reigning grace!
Which shineth through our Jesu's face;
While we be all condemn'd to die,
Then reigning grace does justify.

3. O glorious will, immutable!
When we deserve no less than hell,
Rais'd from a dunghill to a throne,
Accepted through this grace alone.

4. To glorify free reigning grace,
Thine image Satan must deface.
What grace was here! Our image is
Made more conformable to his.

5. No change can happen to us now:
In Adam, this we did not know.
In dying now we do not die,
But die to live eternally.

6. O height of love! why we! why we!
Why should we be thus sav'd by thee?

O depth of love! what tongue can tell?
He sav'd us when as low as hell.

7. O breadth of glorious, pard'ning grace!
It is as large as e'er it was.
O length of grace! resolvedly
To love us from eternity.

HYMN XXXVI.

1. How blessed are the called ones
T' th' marriage of the Lamb!
By eating of his precious flesh,
They shall for ever stand.

2. His heart and soul they were the price
For which we purchas'd be;
And now he 'll keep his marriage-feast
With such poor dust as we.

3. O, stand not knocking at the door;
But break it open wide:
Come in, our Jesus, feast with us,
Thy undefiled bride.

4. Why stand'st thou knocking at the door?
Why knockest thou to-day?
Why wouldst thou have the upper room?
Lord, what hast thou to say?

5. I would come in to solemnise,
And celebrate with thee
My marriage-covenant and feast;
My dove, O, ope to me.

6. Is this the thing why thou 'dst come in?
We can't bear thy complaint.
My love, my choice, is this thy voice!
Our souls are like to faint.

7. O Lord, come in; thy finger 's in;
We feel our locks to move:
We 've heard thee say, Love come away,
My sister and my dove.

8. Come in thy room, thou bruised Lamb;
Tell us of love to-day;
The wrath thou 'st borne and undergone,
O! tell thy Dalilah.

9. Come with me, then, my love, my dove;
Come view the cursed tree;
Come, view the cross; see where I lost
All my heart's blood for thee.

10. Come, view my pierced, wounded hands;
My bruised sides come see;
My feet that tripp'd o'er hills to bring
Tidings of joy to thee.

11. Why should thy cursed unbelief
Bring me again to die?
Do but believe, and I am thine
To all eternity.

HYMN XXXVII.

1. Jesus, our Shepherd 's here to-day;
He in his fold is come,
To take the weak lambs in his arms,
And feed the ewes with young.

2. Although the weak ones go astray,
They are yet dear to him,
Because that God did on him lay
The guilt of every sin.

3. The strong ones he enables more:
The weak, that are behind,

He takes up in his bosom, and
Their wounds and bruises binds.

4. The lambs are in their Jesu's arms,
They hear his bowels sound;
He keeps them close from any harms:
Their hands are in his wounds.

5. They are so near unto his heart,
He hears their cry and moan;
His bowels answer them, My grace
Sufficient is alone.

6. They will not keep i' th' bounds of grace,
Nor by the waters clear;
But stray in the forbidden grounds
Of doubting and despair.

7. He brings them back again, and makes
Himself a wall about;
Salvation banks on ev'ry side:
They may no more go out.

8. Their pasture 's green and flourishing;
For grace doth ne'er decay:
They cannot want, or hungry be,
Except they go astray.

9. They that are weak, and cannot go,
They may lie down and rest;
Solace themselves in pastures green,
And eat where they like best.

10. With eating they grow quick and strong;
They get the feet of hinds;
So they become the foremost sheep,
And go no more behind.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1. Our Father, from eternity,
Did see us in our sin;
His boundless grace did move him, so
He call'd his Son to him.

2. Come, my delight, my glory bright,
My wrath thou must remove:
There is a company of men
Whom I do dearly love.

3. Now, for exchange, thou needs must
And take their sin on thee; [change,
Thy righteousness, thy merits shall
To them imputed be.

4. Then said the Son, 'Tis done! 'tis done!
I come to do thy will;
Ere I will fail a jot thereof,
My dearest blood shall spill.'

5. How did the Lord delight to see
Th' obedience of his Son!
How smiled he his soul to see
A sacrifice become!

6. How pleased was he his Son to see
A bearing of the wood!
Smil'd at the wounds, from whence ran
His reconciling blood. [down

7. At length he smil'd, when reconcil'd;
Looks on his bruised Son;
Holds out his hand to bankrupt man,
And cries, 'Tis done! 'tis done!'

8. Now God and man are reconciled,
The enmity is done;

And meet before the sacrifice
Of peace, his bruised Son.

HYMN XXXIX.

1. Whose body's this that 's taken down
From off the cursed tree?
How comes it to be drench'd in blood,
And full of wounds to be?

2. Our dearest Jesus, we would know
Why for us thou didst die?
Why lay thy body rolled in blood?
O tell us! tell us why!

3. O, wouldst thou know, my love, my dove,
Why I hung on the tree,
I'll tell thee why I had those wounds,
And bruised was for thee.

4. Thou say'st thou 'rt sick of love; but what
Is all this love of thine
Compar'd to me? Thy greatest love
Is nothing unto mine.

5. My boundless love to thee hath been
So cruel unto me;
Yea, my affections were so strong,
I died with love for thee.

6. Hadst thou but heard how hard I begg'd
The Father once for thee:
I would not be denied, but cried,
My Father give her me.

7. My bloody body testifies
Of boundless love and grace:
I will uphold thy patience,
'Till thou hast run thy race.

HYMN XL.

1. Hear now, ye rebels, saith the Lord;
Must I my justice take in hand?
Must I go smite the Rock for you
With law, which did you all condemn?

2. My wrath and indignation,
Which by this sin was due to thee,
I have laid upon Christ, my Son,
Did ever any love like me?

3. I 've testified my boundless love,
In smiting of my Son for thee:
Behold! behold! rebels, behold!
Did ever any love like me?

4. Nothing but th' blood of my dear Son,
Could take the guilt of sin from thee:
It was for thee his heart's blood ran.
Did ever any love like me?

5. The streams of love, which flow thro' him,
Shall never leave, but follow thee
Through all this desert wilderness.
O love, who ever loved like me?

6. Though thou shouldst turn to Sinai's [mount,
To bondage and legality,
My grace shall bring thee back again;
For never any loved like me.

7. Although, thro' pride, thou shouldst rebel
Against me in a high degree,
My streaming love shall cover all.
O love, who ever lov'd like me?

8. When thou art in desertion's deep,
Pretending great humility,

My streaming love shall flow down there;
For never one did love like me.

9. My streaming love shall ne'er turn back,
But follow streaming after thee;
Whilst thou art overcome with love,
And cry, 'Who ever loved like thee?'

10. O love! When shall I see the Rock,
From whence this love streameth to me?
This streaming love doth make me long
To see Him who so loved me.

HYMN XLI.

1. Let us behold our great High-priest,
When in the world he came,
Tempted in all things like to us,
That he might know our frame.

2. Think it not strange though 'ticed to doubt
Of your adoption;
He tempted was to doubt, that he
Was not his Father's Son.

3. Ye fainting souls, why do you doubt?
Or wherefore do you doubt?
Has not the blood of Jesus ran?
Your sin is blotted out.

4. Would you have Jesus die again?
No, he need die no more;
His blood has cross'd out all the debt
That stood on justice' score.

5. Why need we grieve the heart of Christ,
And put him to such pain?
As if there were necessity
For him to bleed again.

6. O, give not place to unbelief,
Although we often fall;
For were there need, he 'd bleed again;
But there is none at all.

7. God sees no sin to lay on him;
The law can take no place;
Justice is fully satisfied:
Witness his married face.

8. Honour to him that made us rich,
And made himself so poor:
Pardon our sin of unbelief,
And let us doubt no more.

HYMN XLII.

1. To us a child is born,
A son is given free:
Wonderful, Counsellor he is;
Mighty to save is he.

2. To testify his love,
Our flesh he putteth on:
Born of a woman Jesus was,
And yet God's only Son.

3. He bore the heavy stroke
Of wrath, due unto sin;
The cup of indignation he
Drank off, when to the brim.

4. He took our flesh on him,
That sympathize he may
In all our troubles, sorrows, wants:
Free grace he still displays.

5. Was ever love like this!
Jesus should thus provide

Such streams of love, and grace, and make
The channel in his side?

6. Behold how he reveals,
O sinner, this to thee!
Thou must believe, accept, receive;
Not buy, for grace is free.

7. All praise to him above;
The Lamb as 't had been slain:
T' th' Prince of Peace hosannahs give;
Hosannahs yet again!

HYMN XLIII.

1. Behold, my Jesus comes!
I hear his blessed tone;
He comes apace, with all his grace,
To me, his dearest one.

2. O, how I hear his voice!
He calls aloud to me:
Behold my bleeding sides, my love!
Behold I died for thee!

3. I have betrothed thee;
And in these cov'nant-bands
I will keep thee. O, do but see
My bleeding feet and hands!

4. A royal robe I wrought,
To cover thee with; and
To let thee see I loved thee,
I show my feet and hands.

5. This robe will cover all
Thy sins, though as the sands
In number be; yet do but see
My bleeding feet and hands.

6. I then did satisfy
My Father's full demands;
Even for thee, when to the tree
Thou nail'dst my feet and hands.

7. I love thee still, although
It puts thee to a stand,
How it should be I should love thee,
That pierc'd my feet and hands.

8. My Father now delights
To see thine image stand,
So pure and white, and dazzling bright,
In me, at his right hand.

HYMN XLIV.

1. Christ, our High-priest, is gone,
For us now to appear,
With blood above, that pleads for love:
Stand by, both guilt and fear.

2. Grace, infinitely free,
His blood did loudly tell:
This streaming Rock, the Lord hath smote,
Doth speak love's language well.

3. Love dy'd itself in blood,
That sinners there might see,
That God's eternal love, through Christ,
Is infinitely free.

4. Come, sin and Satan too,
Your threats we do disdain;
And justice, thou hast nothing now
'Gainst us: the Lamb is slain!

5. Thus grace doth mount the soul:
In Christ it sets it high;

And though in sin 't has reeking been,
Yet grace doth bring it nigh.

6. And thus the soul doth teach,
All sin for to disdain;
Because, by Christ, 'tis made a priest,
And purg'd from spot and stain.

7. O boundless love of God!
Who would not grace adore,
That, in the flood of Jesu's blood,
Our sin has cover'd o'er?

8. O, worthy is the Lamb,
That once was slain for me!
Eternally, in praises high,
Adored and prais'd to be!

HYMN XLV.

1. What trumpet 's this that sounds
Such glorious liberty,
To sinners, through the blood of Christ?
And why not, then, for me?

2. Jesus died to redeem
Poor sinners, and set free
The worst of traitors, by his blood;
And, therefore, why not me?

3. Christ died to bring to God
Such that at distance be;
The just for the unjust did die;
And why not, then, for me?

4. The gospel offers Christ
To such that sinners be;
Yea, free redemption by his blood;
Why, therefore, not to me?

5. God did commend his love
To such that sinners be;
Yea, Christ for the ungodly died;
And why not die for me?

6. Christ died for none but such
'Gainst God that rebels be;
And peace, by blood, for sinners made;
And why not peace for me?

7. There 's righteousness in Christ,
Most infinitely free,
For needy sinners which was wrought;
And why not, then, for me?

8. And in this righteousness
Sinners angels outshine;
It covers all their foulest spots;
And why not cover mine?

9. So that God's holy eye
No spots in them can see:
This garment white, it shines so bright;
And why not shine on me?

HYMN XLVI.

1. Behold, my soul, thy lovely Lord,
Hung bleeding on the tree:
O! view, my soul, the heart of Christ
By justice rent for thee.

2. O! what stupendous, boundless love,
Is this that flames so bright;
That Jesus he should die for me,
That I, in justice sight,

3. Should, in this glorious God-like robe,
Before the throne appear,

That flaming holiness itself
Need not to make me fear.

4. O cursed unbelief, stand by,
Thou sulph'rous smoke of hell;
For in this dress, (Christ's righteousness,)
Justice doth like me well.

5. O lovely Jesus! take the praise,
Who thus adorn'st thy bride:
This righteousness I do possess
Doth in thyself reside.

6. O altogether lovely Lord!
What tongue can silent be?
Thou fairest of ten thousand art;
For none is like to thee.

HYMN XLVII.

1. Why dost thou hide thy face?
Our Jesus, tell us why:
Didst thou not love with such a love,
That love caus'd thee to die?

2. Thy bleeding side does tell
Love's stories pleasantly:
Therefore, why hidest thou thy face?
Our Jesus, tell us why!

3. We 're bone now of thy bone;
To thee we are made nigh:
Thou hid'st thyself now from thyself!
O, therefore, tell us why!

4. My undefiled one,
Dost thou enquire of me,
Why is 't that I so frequently
Do hide my face from thee?

5. O 'tis my love to thee
That 's always in a flame,
That causes me to hide from thee,
Although my heart 's the same.

6. When, from those living streams,
From me that run so free,
Thou turn'st aside; O then, my bride,
I hide myself from thee.

7. When thou dost live upon
My jewels, fair and bright,
And them dost take, and idols make,
And set up in my sight;

8. My love to thee 's so great,
Their emptiness to show,
I turn aside from thee, my bride,
That thou mayst learn to go

9. Unto the Fountain Head!
And drink abundantly,
Out of those red and purple streams
That have their source from me.

HYMN XLVIII.

1. My Jesus, he is all to me,
Whate'er my soul can crave;
A fountain free 's my Christ to me,
That I no want can have.

2. My Jesus, he is strength to me,
When I do fainting lie:
He 's health in sickness, life in death;
In war he 's victory.

3. In famine he is food to me,
In thirst he 's royal wine;

No want can be attending me,
Since Jesus he is mine.

4. My Jesus, he is light to me,
When I in darkness go:
Such fulness in my Jesus is,
That I no want can know.

5. My Jesus, he is liberty,
When bondage doth oppress:
Though I in sin have reeking been,
My Christ is righteousness.

6. When sorrows compass me about,
My Christ is peace and joy;
When wrath and sin do rage within,
My Christ is victory.

7. When Satan throws his flaming dart,
My Christ a hold is strong;
A refuge he is then to me,
And my salvation.

HYMN XLIX.

1. O, WHAT a fountain of delight
Is Christ, the Son of God!
What pleasant streams this Rock did run,
When smote by justice' rod!

2. O love! eternal love and grace!
Whose depths we cannot know,
Which we saw run through God's own Son,
And through his blood to flow.

3. We view'd, with pleasure and delight,
This streaming Rock so free;
We saw the Lord his fellow smite
For us upon the tree.

4. O, stand amaz'd, ye train above!
Can this be understood,
That God's eternal grace and love
Should flow through Jesu's blood?

5. Did we not, in the wounds of Christ,
The Father's heart behold?
Hath not our dearest Jesu's blood
Delightful tidings told?

6. These wounded hands and feet we see
(By faith) upon the tree,
Loudly proclaim, we're kings and priests
Unto eternity.

BOOK III.

FOR THE LORD'S TABLE.

HYMN I.

1. Our Lord and Head we saw did fall
A sacrifice for us;
We by his stripes are heal'd, whilst he
Was bruis'd and wounded thus.

2. Some for a friend would, may be, die;
But who would for a foe?

Yet Jesus pour'd his soul to death
For us, whilst we were so.

3. Behold, how great this dying love;
O, here was love indeed;
To manifest such boundless love,
The Son of God must bleed!

4. How did whips, nails, and thorns tear off,
And rend his blessed flesh!
We, in his ordinance, now saw
Our bruised Lord afresh.

5. But, O, how was his wounded soul
By mighty vengeance rent!
What tortures from his Father's hand!
What pangs he underwent!

6. 'Twas love to rebels, such as we,
Made him to undergo
(Though in himself most innocent)
Such tortures, pain, and woe.

7. O hearts of flint, why don't you melt?
Bow down our souls, bow down;
Let such amazing grace prevail:
O, let it wear the crown.

8. Awake, awake, our souls to love,
To love this lovely One:
And everlasting praises sing
To him upon the throne.

HYMN II.

1. How did the glorious heaven smile,
When God to man was reconcil'd!
How he his rebels did devise
Should meet him in a sacrifice!

2. He on a bruised Jesus swore,
He would be wroth with him no more;
No, nor with us that are in Christ,
Our representing great High-priest,

3. In Christ's divided parts he meets,
And there with love eternal greets;
Enriches them with glorious grace,
And everlasting arms embrace.

4. By wondrous commutations, thus
He caus'd the vengeance due to us
Fall on his Son, who, in our stead,
For us obeyed, died, and bled.

5. His barbed arrows stuck him through,
Whilst we escape the deadly blow:
Thus he was pleas'd to bruise his Son,
Lest wretched we should be undone.

HYMN III.

1. HOSANNAH to the Holy One!
Unto the Lamb upon the throne:
Come, let us hallelujah sing,
Unto the great, immortal King!

2. He sav'd us with his God-like blood:
He wash'd us in that purest flood!
Our conscience bath'd hath in that bath,
And purg'd out thence sin, hell, and wrath.

3. We feed on him, our flesh and bone;
Thereby embodied into one:
In him made one with 's Father too:
Who can this God-like glory show?

4. How did the Father take delight
His dearest Son to bruise and smite,

To free us from the hellish snare!
O glorious love, beyond compare!

5. He now the choicest wine lets run,
And feeds with us upon his Son:
His spikenard casts a pleasant smell;
O, let us in his praises dwell:

6. We at his table drank and eat;
We fed were with the finest wheat:
What choicest dainties did he dish!
O, was there ever love like this?

7. What taste in heaven hath this cheer,
If that so pleasant it be here?
Where we shall drink the newest wine.
What manner, O, of love is thine!

8. Hosannah! hallelujahs ring!
O beauteous Jesus! glorious King!
Bottomless love! O boundless grace!
O glory, glory, glory, praise!

HYMN IV.

1. The story of eternal love
The Spirit told, by bread and wine;
That boundless, everlasting love,
That through a dying Christ did shine.

2. We do show forth his death below,
And he shows forth his death above:
He, to keep flowing down his grace,
And we to see, rejoice, and love.

3. Melchizedeck did Abram meet, [slain;
With bread and wine, the kings b'ing
But our Melchizedeck meets us
Whilst in the heat of wars and pain.

4. This speaks unfathom'd love indeed;
Love from eternity begun;
A boundless current, in a round,
That to eternity will run.

5. Christ loves, and pours his soul to death,
The more the Father's heart doth move
To Christ; and Christ doth love the more.
O, here 's a glorious round of love!

6. 'Tis in this love we 're swallow'd up,
And shall be swallow'd in, for aye:
This is the ocean, banner, shade;
This is the bright, eternal day.

7. This God of love, in Christ belov'd;
This God of grace we will adore;
We 'll praise, and honour, and admire,
Now and henceforth, for evermore.

HYMN V.

1. RAVISHING mercy! wondrous love!
O, come and taste, and see:
O wretched sinner, as I am;
Did Jesus die for me?

2. Eternity will scarce suffice
T' admire this great decree;
'Twas from eternity decreed
That Christ should bleed for me.

3. What stories of eternal love
Christ's bleeding sides do tell!
Love's great epistle he did write
In lines of blood so well.

4. His mercy, goodness, grace, and love
Flow'd in those purple streams,

To us that so rebellious were!
We seem like those in dreams.

5. Ravishing food, delicious wine,
The flesh and blood of Christ!
With joy and strength we feed upon
The sacrifice and priest.

6. O, hallelujah, glory, power,
And honour be to thee;
Thy God and Father, and ours too,
And Spirit eternally!

HYMN VI.

1. We drunk the wine, the fruit o' th' Vine,
The Vine that is most true:
Hereafter we with Christ shall be,
And then shall drink it new.

2. These are the dainties of free grace,
And love's delicious fare;
The flesh and blood o' th' Son of God:
O love beyond compare!

3. His God-like death for us hath wrought
A garment bright and fair,
In which we 're spotless, without fault:
O love beyond compare!

4. He comes to reign, hell is in pain;
Their teeth the wicked gnash:
Our Lord is nigh, and they shall feel
His rod and iron lash.

5. But, underneath his shadow, we
Shall of his bounty share,
Ravish'd with kisses of his love:
O, what a feast is there!

6. Fain would we be at home with thee,
Our dearest Jesus, fain;
That in th' embraces of thy love
We ever might remain.

7. Love and free grace, come, move apace;
With love heart-sick we be:
O soul-amazing, shining love!
O, why to such as we?

HYMN VII.

1. What glorious sacrifice is this,
Our Lord and we do feed upon!
O, what a banquet 's this of love,
To feed upon his only Son!

2. To eat of his most glorious flesh,
O, this is heav'nly manna indeed;
To have communion with that blood,
The Son of God for us did bleed!

3. United to the Son of Man,
With the great God we union have:
Whatever, in the name of Christ,
We ask, we certainly shall have.

4. He prays for us—we pray in him,
We rule and triumph in our Head:
Our mutual animosities
Did bleed to death with him that bled.

5. Then let us meet with our dear Lord,
I' th' reconciling sacrifice:
Cast our rebellious weapons down
At his blest feet, if ye are wise.

6. Hosannah to the God of love;
Hosannah to the Highest One;

Hosannah to the Prince of Life,
That sits with pow'r upon the throne!

HYMN VIII.

1. Ne'er did the glory of free grace
So shine as in our dying Friend,
When he transgression finished,
And of sin fully made an end.

2. Behold, how God the Father lov'd!
Behold, how Jesus lov'd indeed!
'Twas love to us triumph'd o'er all,
When that the Lamb of God did bleed.

3. Our garments, whiten'd with his blood;
His love, how pleasant is the shade!
Thus in the Fountain bath'd are we,
And kings and priests to God are made.

4. O, never, never, did high love
So greatly flow and stream afore,
As it flow'd from our Jesu's side,
And stream'd forth in his purple gore.

5. O, fill us, fill us with thy love!
We thirsty are, let 's drink our fill;
Let 's quench our thirst in pard'ning blood,
In pard'ning blood our Lord did spill.

6. Our dearest! dearest! dearest Friend!
Our precious Husband! lovely! sweet!
Let 's hang in thy embraces, Lord;
Let 's wash, and wipe, and kiss thy feet.

7. Thou overcomest with thy love;
O, thou dost ravish with thy grace;
Behold, how beautiful and bright
The glory of thy lovely face;

8. O, let 's admiring always stand !
O, let 's adoring prostrate fall !
O boundless, free, rich, glorious grace
In Christ ! and Christ is all in all.

9. Eternal glory, thanks, and praise
Be to our Husband and our Lord :
Still let us celebrate his praise
And glorious acts, with one accord.

HYMN IX.

1. TELL us, O Jesus, dost thou love?
And dost thou love indeed?
Why do we ask ? did we not see
Thy love just now to bleed?

2. What greater love than bleeding love?
O love most ravishing!
This song of love, when we 're above,
We shall for ever sing.

3. We saw thy love flow from thy heart,
Now in thy blood that streams ;
It was such overcoming love,
We were like those in dreams.

4. O! who can tell the heart of Christ,
In all his glory now,
To his belov'd, distressed ones,
In midst of storms below ?

5. Thy heart 's the same as e'er it was,
As full of love and grace !
There 's the same pity as e'er was,
In thy exalted face.

6. Why must we turn away our eyes,
Thine image we do bear :

O, what does ravish thee? it is
Thy beauty which we wear.

7. If beams from thee, that dart on us,
So sparkling be and bright,
What must the sun itself be to
The darkness of the night?

8. Who can behold thy glory, Lord?
Thy glorious love who can?
Eternity itself is not
Sufficient it to scan.

9. Flame out, our love, with hottest flames,
To our beloved Lord:
Rest under his love's shadow, which
Surpasses Jonah's gourd.

10. The world 's a stormy, raging sea;
Let 's harbour in his love;
Thence we shall laugh at storms and waves;
No tempest shall us move.

11. Now him that is our safe retreat,
And him that is our peace,
Let 's love and honour, praise, admire,
And let us never cease.

HYMN X.

1. How clean are we, now we are bath'd
In Jordan's living flood;
What shining kings and priests we stand,
Wash'd in Christ's God-like blood!

2. The Lamb, i' th' midst o' th' throne of
Us now hath freely fed; [grace,
And by his Spirit down hath sent
From heav'n the living bread.

3. The living streams o' th' upper springs
He freely did bestow:
We of the fountain freely drank,
That from his heart did flow.

4. He bids us drunken be with loves,
With loves so bottomless;
With loves that stream so freely down,
(The ocean not the less.)

5. The lovely Jesus is all love,
All mercy, truth, all grace;
He 's white and ruddy: majesty
And meekness fill his face.

6. Sing hallelujahs to the Lamb!
The Lamb most pure and bright,
Whose voice does thunder from the throne,
Whose eyes are flaming light.

7. Let 's love, admire, adore, embrace
This lovely one, so fair;
Whose grace and person all transcend,
And are beyond compare.

HYMN XI.

1. Behold our well-beloved 's come,
More excellent than mounts of prey;
O'er mighty hills of unbelief,
And guilt of sin, he pav'd his way.

2. He, like the roe, has nimbly trip'd,
To show to us his glorious face;
And, through the lattice of his flesh,
Darts down on us his Father's grace.

3. Hark! hark! how our Beloved speaks;
What ravishing, what melting voice!

He says, Rise up, my love, my fair;
Mine and my Father's only choice.

4. Rise up, my fairest, come away;
Rise, follow me, dove, without fear;
The dark, distressing winter 's o'er,
The pleasant spring does now appear.

5. The birds do sing, my children ring
Most joyous peals of my free grace;
The flowers appear, their graces are
Most shining bright, each in its place.

6. The turtle's voice is in our land;
The despised gospel does break forth,
Singing in the midst of you,
And causes many a heavenly birth.

7. The fig-tree putteth forth green figs,
For numerous your converts are;
Your tender grapes give a good smell;
Your converts' grace is choice and rare.

8. Lord, what are we? thy love, thy fair;
Such filthy, wretched ones as we!
O love! O love! O wondrous grace!
Come, we 'll arise and follow thee.

9. Great things thine arm hath done 'mong us,
Such love and favour didst thou show:
Who would not rise and follow thee?
Such mighty cords of love do draw.

10. Now, to our well-beloved Lord,
Let 's sing a well-tun'd song of praise:
Glory and honour let 's ascribe,
O, let 's ascribe to him always.

HYMN XII.

1. O CHOICEST banquet! rarest wine!
   O soul-reviving blood!
   O table well spread with heav'nly bread!
   O most delicious food!

2. What glorious company were here;
   The Father, Spirit, Son!
   And a great troop of shining ones
   Embodied into one.

3. O grace, free grace, rich, glorious grace!
   Foundation and top-stone
   In great redemption's building, and
   Its cementing alone.

4. O mercy, goodness, peace, dish'd up!
   O glorious bill of fare!
   O love, the garnishing of all,
   O love beyond compare!

5. Who would not love thee, King of saints,
   Who would not love thee, Lord?
   Thy person is all beautiful;
   How honey-sweet thy word!

6. Who would not praise thee, Zion's King,
   And trumpet forth thy fame?
   Who art with richest glory 'ray'd:
   How well perfum'd thy name!

7. Still, honour, glory, and renown
   Be given unto thee:
   Hosannahs, hallelujahs sing,
   To all eternity.

HYMN XIII.

1. Dear Lord, we, in thy comeliness,
Like Sharon's rose, do smell and bud;
And, like the lilies of the vale,
Appear most beautiful and good.

2. Hark! hark! what our dear Lord replies:
'As lilies shoot up among thorns,
So does my love, my church, my spouse,
In sight of false professors' harms.

3. Those that themselves my daughters call,
Like prickling thorns, would stab thee thro';
Yet, 'midst those thorny daughters, thou
Shalt like the valley's lily grow.'

4. Thanks, dearest Jesus! are we, then,
I' th' midst of thorns, thy fair, thy dove?
How art thou like the apple-tree,
The glory of the shady grove!

5. As pleasant pippins among crabs,
So 'mong the sons is our Belov'd;
Fairer than all the sons of men,
The perfect Captain, well approv'd.

6. We thy refreshing shadow had,
Thy covering, righteousness, and love;
We shall with constant joys be fill'd,
If here we sit, and never move.

7. And here we eat thy pleasant fruits,
Thy pleasant fruits of righteousness;
How pleasant to our taste are these,
Assurance, peace, and quietness!

8. Pleas'd with the goodness of these fruits,
Let us our Donor praise and bless;

Our dearest Husband, Lord, and Head,
Jehovah, our great righteousness.

HYMN XIV.

1. O LOVE, O boundless love of God!
Stupendous love and grace,
We in a bleeding Jesus saw,
We saw in Jesu's face.

2. The King of Glory has been here,
Revealing mighty love;
In conscience-banquets, feasting with
His undefiled dove.

3. Hark! in what tend'rest speech of love,
He doth his heart bewray;
My love, my dove, my undefiled,
Make haste and come away.

4. The winter 's past, the rain is gone,
The flowers do appear;
The time is come for birds to sing,
The turtle you may hear.

5. The fig-tree, glorious in green figs,
In tender grapes the vine:
Arise my love, my fair one, come,
And drink my spiced wine.

6. I am into my garden come,
My sister and my bride;
I 've brought my honey, myrrh, and spice,
My milk and wine beside.

7. Come, eat, O friends; yea, welcome to
These dainties from above;
Beloved, drink abundantly,
Come, drink large draughts of love.

8. Open to me, my love, my dove,
My sister undefil'd;
My locks with fruitful drops o' th' night,
My head with dew is fill'd.

9. Let us be wise, and now arise:
What language, Lord, is this!
In words so ravishing, dost thou
Thyself to us express?

10. O, let 's arise and follow thee,
Lest thou withdraw'st again;
And we thy absence, several years,
Mourn and deplore in vain.

HYMN XV.

1. Thus 'mid songs of love they sing above,
And why not we like them?
No tongue be dumb, for we are come
To th' New Jerusalem.

2. Clad now with white, and shining bright
Garments of righteousness;
Girdles of gold our loins do hold,
And bind on fast our dress.

3. We stand upon that ocean,
That glassy, fiery sea:
The blood of Christ, that great High-priest,
The Spirit does apply.

4. Let 's touch the golden harps of God,
With wise immortal strung;
And let us sing to our great King,
Let 's sing the Lamb's new song.

5. Thanks be to thee, the victory
We have obtain'd o'er sin;

And Father, thou hast made us more
Than conquerors in him.

6. This crucified Lord let 's praise,
And magnify his worth;
This blessed branch of Jesse's stem,
His glory let 's set forth.

7 Immortal honour, wisdom, strength
Unto the Lamb are due;
This bleeding Lamb, this reigning Lord,
This holy, righteous, true.

8. This heavenly manna 's to our taste,
Like cakes of honey sweet:
How pleasant is this streaming rock,
Which still our paths do meet!

9. Come, Jesus, move, we 're sick of love;
Why stay thy chariot wheels?
We pine away, while thou dost stay;
Our souls thy absence feel.

10. Thy mouth's sweet kiss let us not miss;
Thy love transcends all wine:
But, O, what music do we hear,
When thou say'st, I am thine!

11. Still let 's have more, still more of thee,
We ne'er enough can have:
Our jealousy 's as strong as death,
As cruel as the grave.

12. Dominion, power, and majesty,
Thanksgiving, glory, praise,
In endless songs, angelic strains,
And never-ceasing lays.

13. Be unto Him that loved us,
And wash'd us with his blood,

And made us kings and priests unto
His Father and our God.

HYMN XVI.

1. Who 's this that doth from Edom come,
With garments dyed red,
With scarlet robes from Bozrah, he,
O, how apparelled!

2. That travels in his mighty strength?
What answer was 't he gave?
'Tis I, that speak in righteousness,
And mighty am to save.

3. Why 's thy apparel colour'd so,
Thy garments dyed red,
Like them that in the vintage work,
Or do the wine-vat tread?

4. The wine-press of his Father's wrath
He all alone hath trod;
O' th' people there was none with him,
When he was smote of God.

5. Awake, O brandish'd sword of God,
Against my only Son;
Though spotless he and innocent,
No violence has done:

6. He 's as a lamb to th' slaughter led;
Yea, as a shearing sheep,
He quietly yields up his breath,
And still doth silence keep.

7. He freely did to death submit;
And did, most willingly,
Pains, tortures, lashes, stripes endure,
For rebels such as we.

HYMN XVII.

1. Immortal honour, glory, pow'r,
Strength, wisdom, riches, might,
Be to the reigning Lamb above,
That dwells in brightest light.

2. To him that wash'd us in his blood,
Who having lov'd us first;
To him that was made sin for us,
And was for us accurst.

3. Who feeds us with his God-like flesh,
And makes us drink his blood;
Uniting faith most choicely feeds,
And drinks the wine that 's good.

4. Who would not love thee, dearest Lord?
Most lovely, bright, and fair:
Thy love to us all love transcends;
Thou art beyond compare.

5. How pleasant was this fruit to us,
And language full of grace;
Delightful was the company:
How lovely was his face!

6. O well-beloved Jesus, fill'd
With glory, grace, and truth:
All grace is pour'd upon thy lips:
Thou hast the dew of youth.

7. O, when shall we come unto thee,
Home to our Father's house;
Where thou 'lt refine the choicest wine,
For thy beloved spouse?

8. Who would not honour and admire?
Who would not thee adore?

Who would not throw their crowns below,
Down, prostrate, thee before?

9. Haste, sweetest Jesus! haste away,
Thy rightful throne ascend;
Possess the nations, fill the church
With glory without end.

HYMN XVIII.

1. Behold the bleeding Lord of life,
Planted with arrows like a grove;
Planted with darts of vengeance thus.
O friends, what manner then of love?

2. Wounded by his dear Father's sword;
Betray'd, most falsely, with a kiss;
By kinsmen, followers, murder'd thus:
What manner, O! of love is this?

3. Behold the bloody clodders fall;
His pierced sides and temples bleed:
For sinners thus he 's drench'd in 's blood;
And is not this, then, love indeed?

4. Behold the anguish of his soul;
Thy sword, O justice, stabs him thro':
For us, vile rebels, this he bore:
How did our Jesus love! O, how!

5. To torments thus resigns his soul:
Our Husband dearly purchases
A filthy and a wretched bride:
What manner, O! of love was this?

6. To die for worst of enemies;
O, this was an amazing friend!
What manner, Lord, of love was thine?
How didst thou boundless love commend!

7. The Father bruis'd his darling Son,
And took delight to wound him sore:
Our Father's love unto us shone
Through the slain Jesu's purple gore.

8. His sorrows, anguish, blood, and death,
Electing grace did cause to shine.
What, bruise for us thy darling Son!
What manner, O! of love was thine?

9. O, here is love! here 's love indeed!
Eternal and electing love;
A love that does no limits know,
That never changes, never moves.

10. Whate'er we do, this boundless love
Runs an eternal stream of bliss;
The floods of sin this love can't quench;
What manner, O! of love is this?

11. This love the greatest torments bore;
This love did groan, this love did bleed;
Our Lover thus wept bloody tears:
Behold, how Jesus lov'd indeed!

HYMN XIX.

1. God, from eternity, decreed
To feast in love with us this night;
To feed with us now on his Son;
And Father, so thou took'st delight.

2. And didst thou set him then apart
To be the victim of our peace;
Swearing on him, by thy great self,
Thy love to us should never cease?

3. Then our dear Jesus swore for us
We ne'er rebel should as afore;

And that, recover'd, we should ne'er
Deface his glory any more.

4. All his engagements and his bonds
Were sealed by his dying breath:
Our peace and life are ratified,
Unalterable, in his death.

5. We now renew our league with thee,
Clasp'd in thy reconciled arms:
We in our bleeding Jesus saw
Thy love and mercy's potent charms.

6. How fat the feast! how rich the wine!
How pleasant was the company!
We fed on Christ, we drank his blood,
Whilst with us sat the glorious Three.

7. Adored goodness! ravish'd love!
In streams of love let 's dip us then;
The fountains of the mighty deeps
Break up, and deluge o'er again.

8. To heaven our faith was mounted up;
We are impatient of delay:
Thy coming hasten, Lord, to us,
Or let us haste to thee away.

9. Why doth thy chariot, (pav'd with grace
And love,) so soft, so slowly move?
Meanwhile, with flagons comfort us:
Dear Jesus, we are sick of love.

HYMN XX.

1. SING hallelujahs to the Lamb,
That reigns for evermore!
Who made us spotless by his blood,
And very bright all o'er.

2. Our tongues be, then, the Spirit's pen,
That readily may write;
To sound aloud the Lamb's high praise,
The Spirit will indite.

3. What an immortal melody
Fills the high heavens now!
Join in seraphic symphony,
You in this room below.

4. Distinguishing and endless love,
Is the great song above:
And let us, then, that are below,
Sing stories of his love.

5. The Lord of heaven, heav'ns left,
Grace boundless to declare;
His Father's bosom left, to tell
What thoughts of love there are.

6. Why cam'st thou down, to dwell in flesh?
Tell, dearest Jesus, pray;
Was 't to impart thy Father's heart
To wretched lumps of clay?

7. Why wast thou poor, a man of grief,
That heavy vengeance bore?
Why wast thou smitten thus, and bruis'd?
Why wast thou wounded sore?

8. Why in such bitter agony?
Why bloody clodders fall?
Why didst thou drink the cup of wrath,
And drink up dregs and all?

9. Hark! what our bleeding Lord replies;
Hark! what his wounds reply:
This was to testify my love,
Love from eternity.

10. My Father's love does shine in mine;
My groans his love indite;
Eternal, and electing love,
My streaming blood does write.

11. Electing grace my dying breast
Did very loudly preach:
The Father's, Son's, and Spirit's love,
Thus Jesu's death did teach.

12. Our bleeding Lord, was it thus, then?
Let's view thy bleeding side:
Here's love indeed! flow up our love,
Like overflowing tides.

13. Our Jesus, now thou 'rt glorified;
But is thy love the same?
Yes, says he, towards you it burns
Now with as high a flame.

14. Sing hallelujahs! praise, adore,
Bless: all he does above
Is for us sinners; and all are
High offices of love.

HYMN XXI.

1. Now, underneath thy shadow, we
Sat down with great delight:
How pleasant was the taste of thee!
How lovely was the sight!

2. We cannot brook thy absence, Lord,
But we are sick of love:
Embrace thou always in thy arms
Thy sister, spouse, and dove.

3. That we no more may hunger, give
Us of this bread to eat;

And no more thirst, give of this drink,
So cherishing, so sweet.

4. Lord, mount our faith, we may embrace
Thee in thy bruised Son;
And in thy bosom lie, who is
With thee, O Father, one.

5. O, let us sing Mount Zion's song!
Sing hallelujahs! sing
(Who now with us at table sits)
To th' great immortal King;

6. Head over all, Jehovah high,
The Prince of Peace, the Son;
The reigning Lamb, by whose blood we
Do fight and overcome.

HYMN XXII.

1. O! NEVER was a face so marr'd,
As that of our dear Lord,
When justice turn'd aside from us,
And in him sheath'd his sword.

2. Why thus rejected and despis'd?
Why thus afflicted sore?
He underneath our sorrows groan'd:
It was our griefs he bore.

3. Why without form and comeliness,
Or beauty to be seen?
It was for us that vengeance made
Those wounds, with arrows keen.

4. Why did he grieve? why did he groan?
Pour forth such tears and cries?
The maul of justice bruis'd him sore
For our iniquities.

5. And was he, then, for us chastis'd,
That he might peace procure?
And was his bloody, ghastly stripes
Our healing and our cure?

6. What manner, then, of love was this!
Yea, what transcendent love!
Still he loves such; yea, still as much
Now that he reigns above.

7. And did the Father take our sin,
And charge it all on him?
And was the Father greatly pleas'd
To bruise him for our sin?

8. What manner, then, of love was this
The Father had for us!
When, for such filthy dust as we,
He wounds his Darling thus!

9. For ever be the Father prais'd!
Hosannahs to the Son!
Yea, hallelujahs to the Lamb!
The holy, righteous One.

HYMN XXIII.

1. CHRIST is the precious treasury
Where grace is laid in store,
More fully to be handed out
Unto the blind and poor.

2. The mighty distance sin had caus'd
Between our Lord and us,
Is by this dying sacrifice,
Our Christ, abolish'd thus.

3. The distance 'tween th' eternal God
And finite clods of clay,

God is come down to dwell in flesh,
To do in part away.

4. All homage now is paid to God,
In Jesus Christ our Head:
All that we want is stor'd in him;
He is the living bread.

5. He is the living waters sent;
Whoever drinks of them,
As he is cleans'd and wash'd from sin,
So never thirsts again.

6. O! do you want eternal grace?
One in your nature has 't;
Go to your brother Joseph's house,
His pleasant dainties taste.

7. Nay, eat, beloved, eat; O, drink,
And drink abundantly:
This is our glorious Master's call,
This our Beloved's cry.

HYMN XXIV.

1. Thou worthy, O Jehovah, art
Pow'r glory, honour to receive;
It was thy pleasure thus to love,
And thus to make us to believe.

2. O bleeding Lamb, upon the throne!
Our feast and sacrifice this night;
Awful, like many waters' noise,
Like burning brass most shining bright;

3. 'Tis thine to open the seal'd book,
And reign o'er death, o'er hell, o'er sin;
Open our conscience-chained doors,
And, King of Glory, enter in.

4. For thou wast slain, and hast redeem'd
Us by thy death, and precious blood,
From among kindreds, nations, tongues,
And made us people to our God.

5. Lord, by redeeming, thou hast made
Us spotless kings and priests to him;
And having wash'd us in his blood,
Our God in us will see no sin.

6. We kings and priests, i' th' royal robe
Of Christ's bright righteousness, set forth,
Shall reign with Christ a' th' judgment-day,
And reign, ere long, with him on earth.

7. Worthy 's the Lamb that hath been slain,
And now doth sit upon the throne
Of glory: blessing, honour, pow'r,
Wisdom, and strength to him alone.

HYMN XXV.

1. I CONTEMPLATE his shadow sat,
With pleasure and delight;
His fruit unto my taste was sweet,
And fair unto my sight.

2. I look'd and found with delight;
I cannot tell aright;
My heart and drink it was the flesh
And blood o' th' Father's Son.

3. I look'd, and view'd, by faith, until
My soul was rais'd on high;
Love's bonds he continually
[illegible]

4. I view'd [illegible] stretch'd out arms,
That suffer'd upon the cross,

Stand open wide for me, his bride;
Though a vile wretch I be.

5. I view'd a cup of vengeance in
My dearest Jesu's hand:
There did I 'spy, most pleasantly,
That he, at God's command,

6. Most freely drank the bitter cup,
My sin prepar'd for him,
That I might have a cup prepared,
Top-full of grace to th' brim.

7. O, then, my soul, swim in those depths
Of love, that sin so high!
That sin, and death, and hell can't stop
Its stream eternally.

BOOK IV.

ADDITIONAL SCRIPTURAL HYMNS.

HYMN 1.

Referring to the flourishing of Christ's Kingdom, in the glory of the latter day —Isa. xxxv.

1. The wilderness thou shalt possess;
And every desert place
Shall sing for joy, exceedingly,
Because of mighty grace.

2. It blossom shall abundantly,
Like to the fragrant rose;
And shall put forth a glorious growth,
His blessings upon those:

3. And all the goodly cedars tall,
In Lebanon that grow,
Shall see the glory of the Lord,
And shall his praises show:

4. And Sharon, that 's a fruitful field,
Carmel, a mountain high,
They shall agree, and both shall see
His glorious Majesty.

5. Strengthen the hands that do hang down,
Confirm the feeble knees,
And make the weak, like David, strong;
Give mighty faith to these!

6. Say to the fearful-hearted ones,
Be ye exceeding strong!
Do you not fear, God will appear,
And show himself ere long!

7. With dreadful vengeance he is clad,
And fearful indignation,
Against all those that are his foes,
And comes for our salvation.

8. The eyes of those that blinded were,
Shall see exceeding clear:
The ears of those that stopped were,
Shall very plainly hear.

9. The lame shall leap, like to the hart
That doth so nimbly spring;
The tongue o' th' dumb shall be unloos'd,
And shall his praises sing:

10. And living waters shall break forth
I' th' wilderness, so dry;
And crystal streams, in desert place,
Shall run abundantly.

11. And then those parched souls, that were
Burnt up with heat of sin,
Shall then become like standing pools,
Fill'd up with grace to th' brim.

12. And then those thirsty souls, that wont
To lust for evil things,
Out of their bellies there shall flow
Swift streams of living springs.

13. And in the habitations where
Most poisonous dragons lay,
It shall become a fruitful soil,
I' th' glorious gospel-day.

14. And there shall be a plain highway,
The way of holiness;
And no unclean shall go therein,
That wilfully transgress.

15. The wayfaring man shall walk therein,
Though he be weak and poor;
In this plain way he shall not stray,
But on shall go secure.

16. No roaring lion shall be there,
Nor any beast of prey
Shall it infest, or us molest,
I' th' glorious latter day.

17. But the redeemed of the Lord,
Even by the blood o' th' Lamb,
(From guilt of sin shall walk therein,)
By which they overcame.

18. And then Jehovah's ransom'd ones
Shall back again return;
With songs of praise, i' th' latter days,
To Zion they shall come.

19. Sorrow they shall no more at all;
Sighing shall flee away;
Gladness obtain, that shall remain;
And joy that lasts for aye.

HYMN II.

A Confutation of that Unbelief that is in Believers themselves.—Isaiah xl. 27, 28.

1. O JACOB! why dost thou thus say;
And Israel thus speak?
My way is hidden from the Lord,
He doth no notice take.

2. My judgments passed o'er from him,
My God doth not regard;
Although I cry continually,
My prayer is not heard.

3. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
And hast thou not been told,
I am the everlasting God,
The same I was of old?

4. I do not faint, nor weary am,
But mighty am to save;
My ear 's not dull, nor wearied,
To hear what thou dost crave.

5. My understanding is too deep
For thee to search it out;
What I will do, thou dost not know,
Nor what I am about.

6. I do give power to the faint;
And they that have no might,
By waiting, shall increase their strength,
And stand up in my sight.

7. Young men shall fail and weary be;
The youths shall fainting lie,
That live upon inherent grace,
For want of fresh supply.

8. But they that on Jehovah wait,
They shall renew their strength;
By living on the grace in Christ,
Grow very strong at length.

9. They shall mount up on eagle's wings;
Their faith shall soar on high;
And from the fulness that 's in Christ,
They shall have rich supply.

10. So they shall walk unweariedly,
That wont to faint before;
And strong in grace, shall run apace,
And so shall faint no more.

HYMN III.

Referring to the Glory of Zion in the latter Day.—Isaiah, lxii. 1—7.

1. For Zion's sake, I will not rest,
My peace I will not hold;
And also, for Jerusalem,
I will in faith be bold.

2. Until the righteousness thereof
Go forth exceeding bright;
And the salvation thereof
Be like a burning light.

3. And gentile nations they shall see
Thy mighty righteousness;
Their kings shall free-will offerings be,
Thy glory to express.

4. Thou shalt be call'd by a new name,
Jehovah shall express;
Which is a name of mighty fame,
The Lord our Righteousness.

5. And thou shalt be a glorious crown,
Now in Jehovah's hand;
And, as a royal diadem,
Thou on his head shalt stand.

6. Thou shalt no more forsaken be;
Nor termed desolate;
But thou shalt be a joy to me,
My great deliciate.

7. Like as a virgin 's married,
Thy sons shall married be;
And, as a bridegroom joys in 's bride,
Thy God shall joy in thee.

8. I 've watchmen set upon thy walls,
That stand both day and night;
That shall not rest till thou art blest,
And made most glorious bright.

9. You, that Jehovah's name do name,
Do you not silent be,
Till he doth make Jerusalem
The whole earth's praise you see.

HYMN IV.

Isaiah, lxi.

1. The Spirit of the Lord my God
Is poured from on high;

Above my fellows upon me,
And hath abundantly.

2. He hath anointed me to preach
Glad tidings to the meek;
To bind the broken-hearted up,
And the lost soul to seek.

3. He hath appointed me to make
The jubilee trumpet sound;
For to set free, at liberty,
The creatures that are bound.

4. For to proclaim the day of grace,
And acceptable year;
For to display my righteousness,
And bring it very near.

5. And day of vengeance of my God,
'Gainst those that grace despise;
And furious recompense to those
That it reject, likewise.

6. For to appoint to them that mourn
In Zion, solemnly,
To put my beauty upon them,
Anoint with oil of joy.

7. They shall be trees of righteousness,
Set by Jehovah's hand;
By faith, planted in Christ, their head,
In glory for to stand.

8. They shall raise up the ruin of
The former generations;
And shall repair waste places of
Former desolations.

9. And strangers, they shall feed my flocks
With knowledge that is clear;

The gospel preach, and sinners teach,
My wisdom and my fear.

10. And aliens' sons shall till thy lands,
And dress thy tender vines;
Who, in times past, would lay thee waste,
Shall be of other minds.

11. And ye shall be most royal priests
To God and to the Lamb;
And men shall call your ministers
Of mighty, glorious fame.

12. The gentiles' riches you shall eat,
Your souls to satisfy;
And in their glory you shall boast
Yourselves abundantly.

13. Whereas thou hast been put to shame,
Thou shalt have double praise;
And for confusion thou hast had,
Thou shalt rejoice always.

14. For I, the Lord, love righteousness,
All robbery do hate;
For you to bring in offering,
I do abominate.

15. Their work, in truth, I will direct,
And make my covenant sure;
It standeth fast, from first to last,
And ever shall endure.

16. Thy seed, among the gentiles, shall
Be very much renown'd;
Among the people, thy offspring
With honour shall be crown'd.

17. All that do see thee, they shall say
That thou art greatly blest:

Jehovah he hath blessed thee
With grace above the rest.

18. For, in Jehovah, I 'll rejoice
With great exceeding joy;
The God of my salvation
My soul doth magnify.

19. With garments of salvation,
The Lord hath clothed me;
With shining robes of righteousness
I covered shall be,

20. Like as a bridegroom decks himself,
With very rich array;
And as a bride adorns herself
Upon her marriage-day.

21. Like as the earth brings forth her bud,
Producing precious things,
When watered with Heaven's dews,
And as the garden springs;

22. So will I cause my righteousness,
Before all nations round,
For to spring forth, a glorious growth,
And praises forth shall sound.

HYMN V.

Of the latter Day Glory.—Micah, iv.

1. Thus saith the Lord, in the last day,
That it shall come to pass,
Jehovah will his throne exalt,
Higher than e'er it was;

2. And Zion's Hill establish will,
And set it very high,

Above all other hills, that want
With Zion Hill to vie.

3. Very many people shall
Come flowing unto thee;
Because a crucified Christ
Shall high exalted be.

4. And many mighty nations shall
Call for to come to thee,
With joint consent, and full intent,
His people for to be.

5. And Jacob's God he will us teach
His pleasant ways to know;
All which are right to our delight,
And in them we will go.

6. For out of Zion shall go forth
The law of free rich grace;
And also from Jerusalem,
His holy dwelling-place.

7. He shall among the people judge,
And nations shall detect,
Because they do despise his grace,
His yoke they do reject.

8. Their swords shall beat into plough-shares,
Of use to till the ground;
Their spears to pruning-hooks shall run,
No warlike weapon found.

9. But every true, believing soul
Shall sit him down, and rest
Under the shade of the true Vine,
Nothing shall them molest.

10. The Lord of Hosts hath spoken it,
His mouth doth thus proclaim,

He will fulfil his holy will;
O! praise his mighty name.

HYMN VI.

The Confidence of Faith in the darkest Times —Habakkuk, iii. 17, 18.

1. Although the fig-tree blossom not,
But barren be and dry,
Yet, in Jehovah I 'll rejoice,
And joy exceedingly.

2. Although the vine be withered,
And forth no fruit do bring,
Yet, in the Lord I will rejoice,
That 's Israel's holy King.

3. Although the olive's labour fail
With oil, for our supply,
Yet, in this dress, Christ's righteousness,
We shine exceedingly.

4. Although the fields no meat do yield,
But very barren be,
The promise hath much food for faith,
A plenteous store we see.

5. Although i' th' fold we don't behold
The flocks that wont to lie,
We see our Christ, our great High-priest,
That offered willingly.

6. Although there be no herd i' th' stall,
But quite cut off from thence,
Our faith doth stay, i' th' darkest day,
On Christ with confidence.

7. Although all outward means do fail,
And cisterns all be dry,

The fountain springs with pleasant things,
That runs for our supply.

8. Yet, in Jehovah I 'll rejoice,
With wondrous admiration;
In God I 'll joy continually,
The God of my salvation.

HYMN VII.

Micah, vii. 18—20.

1. WHO is a God like to the Lord,
Among the gods on high;
That full and freely pardoneth
All our inquity?

2. Our manifold transgressions
He freely passeth by:
His heritage doth disengage
From all impiety.

3. His anger he doth now refrain,
He 's fully satisfied;
His wrath it doth not now remain,
Because that Jesus died.

4. In his elect he much delights,
For he is gracious:
Our Jesus shed his blood, which made
Our God propitious.

5. The Lord will turn again to us,
Although he be withdrawn;
And when this dismal night is spent,
Will be a glorious morn.

6. On us he 'll have compassion;
We hear his bowels sound;
For still his love doth to us move,
He makes his grace abound.

7. Our prevalent iniquities
Thou wilt for us subdue;
They shall not rise, to tyrannize
On us, again anew.

8. Our sins thou 'lt drown i' th' deepest seas,
Whence they shall rise no more;
E'en in the flood of Jesu's blood,
Which he for them did pour.

9. The truth to Jacob thou 'lt perform,
Engaged by covenant;
Secur'd by oath and promise both,
Upon a gracious grant.

10. Thou calledst father Abraham,
From serving idols dumb:
Electing grace on him took place,
And he obey'd, and came.

11. Thy covenant it standeth fast,
And will for ever hold!
As thou hast to our fathers sworn,
E'en from the days of old.

HYMN VIII.

The New Jerusalem.—Rev. xxi.

1. The New Jerusalem it is
A city large and fair;
The length and breadth both equal are,
It lieth just four-square.

2. Her twelve foundations stable are,
Which she is built upon,
Of pearls most rare, that likeness bear
To the chief Corner-stone.

3. Her walls are high exceedingly;
Salvation her surrounds;

None that destroy shall once come nigh,
Within her sacred bounds.

4. Her gates are splendid pearls, at which
Her subjects enter in;
Her crowned kings there judge of things:
Judgment doth there begin.

5. The city's streets are purest gold,
That shines transparently;
The glorious light, that makes her bright,
Comes from the Deity.

6. Her bounds and limits, round about,
They all most holy be;
Her laws and statutes perfectly
In harmony agree.

7. There 's no material temple there,
That 's made with human hands:
I' th' flesh of Christ, her great High-priest,
She worships there, and stands.

8. The city did not need the sun
Nor moon, to give her light;
The Son of Man, the glorious Lamb,
Doth shine in her most bright.

9. And all the nations' saved ones
Shall see her glorious light;
Likewise the kings their glory bring,
And yield to her their might.

10. She hath no need of candle-light,
Nor shining of the sun:
She need not fear, no night comes there;
Her day is never done.

11. The gates of it shall not be shut,
But shall wide open be;

Her glorious day shall last alway,
Unto eternity.

12. The honour of the nations shall
Be brought unto her now;
Great multitudes of saved ones
Shall down unto her bow;

13. And they shall see His shining face,
And know His glorious name;
Which on their foreheads is engrav'd:
His image they proclaim.

14. There shall in nowise enter in,
Into that holy place,
Not any thing defil'd with sin,
But saved ones by grace.

HYMN IX.

The Law and Grace.

1. Mount Sinai's burning, fiery law
Cannot the conscience ease;
But causeth there a dreadful storm,
It never can appease.

2. Then bids us go and work for life,
But gives no strength at all;
Exact obedience it requires,
Or it will on us fall.

3. The law of grace doth gently draw,
And sweetly doth constrain;
The wounded conscience it doth heal,
And ease it of its pain.

4. It bids us to believe on Christ,
And venture on his grace;
And gives us strength to do the same,
Though in a sinful case.

5. The law it doth convince of sin,
With threats and just demands;
And if we don't fulfil the same,
We 're left in justice' hands.

6. And there the naked soul doth stand,
Without a covering,
Resign'd to justice' strictest hand,
With dreadful trembling.

7. Free gospel-grace it doth reveal,
That Jesus Christ did die,
And laid his life a ransom down,
To purchase us thereby.

8. It makes the soul a covering,
Without a spot or stain;
And puts him in a glorious dress,
For ever to remain.

9. The law the conscience loads with guilt,
Yet it desireth more;
And thinks thereby, assuredly,
To heal its deadly sore.

10. It bindeth guilt and wrath to th' soul
Of each convinc'd offender;
And he at last, by justice forc'd,
His guilty soul to render.

11. The voice of grace reveals to th' soul,
A wounded, bruised Christ;
The Father's love doth to him move,
And he 's by grace entic'd.

12. When he by grace hath run his race,
Shall rest eternally;
And on Christ's throne he shall sit down,
And in his bosom lie.

HYMN X.

The Gospel Call.

1. We hear the joyful trumpet sound,
   Most glorious liberty:
   To captive bond-slaves that are bound,
   Redemption draweth nigh.

2. O blessed day of glorious grace,
   The gospel brings to light!
   Which darkness did before deface,
   Shines now exceeding bright.

3. The jubilee year it is begun,
   It makes the angels sing:
   This blessed news doth swiftly run,
   It makes the heavens ring.

4. All peace on earth is loud proclaim'd,
   And unto men good-will;
   Let glorious grace be ever fam'd:
   We 'll sound this trumpet still.

5. Ye blessed saints that heard this sound,
   Who in your blood did lie;
   When that you were in fetters bound,
   You heard the jubilee cry.

6. The lot of our inheritance,
   It is secur'd to us;
   By Jesu's blood we 've entrance
   Into the holiest thus.

7. O captive bond-slaves! come away,
   That long have served sin;
   If you will here no longer stay,
   Your freedom will begin.

8. Your heritage he 'll turn again,
   Which ye have sold for nought;

Your right to it doth yet remain,
For Jesus hath it bought.

9. Your conscience-ease will then begin,
From wrath, and guilt, and fear;
This blessed feast will alway last:
It is the jubilee year.

HYMN XI.

The Coming of Christ.

1. Our Jesus cometh in the clouds,
Whom every eye shall see;
And they before, that pierc'd him sore,
They then shall mourners be.

2. He brings ten thousands of his saints,
A bright and glorious train;
All crowned kings, to judge all things,
With Lamb that once were slain.

3. Attended with most mighty hosts
Of angels, numberless;
With trumpet sound, to gather round
The elect ones to bliss.

4. Lift up your heads, you ransom'd ones,
That do dejected lie;
With songs of praise, his glory raise,
For your redemption 's nigh.

5. New heavens and new earth also,
Are even at the door;
The old decay, and pass away,
And shall be found no more.

6. The day shall be reveal'd by fire,
Now Jesus comes again;
And it shall try, and purify
The purest works of men.

7. O wretched sinners! what will you
Do in the judgment-day!
That Christ reject, and not accept
His grace, and on him stay?

8. The dreadful Judge of quick and dead
Is now just at the door;
The Lamb once slain, he comes again,
And reigns for evermore.

HYMN XII.

Christ's Call.

1. O, HEARKEN how our dearest Lord
To sinners crieth out!
Thy sins and thy iniquities
I 've surely blotted out.

2. Therefore, ye sinners, now return
Return, return to me;
Return to me, for by my blood
I have redeemed thee.

3. Though thou hast slighted me so long,
I have paid dear for thee;
I shed my blood to do thee good;
Thou must return to me.

4. Sinners, return, return, return,
Though filthy, black, and foul;
I cannot bear to think to lose
The travail of my soul.

5. What dost thou think I died for?
Was 't not for such as thee?
As filthy as thou think'st thou art,
Return, return to me.

6. You doubting souls, what say you now,
Which often me controul?

Heaven and earth I 'll overthrow,
Before I 'll lose one soul.

7. It surely shall go well with you,
I say it shall go well;
Although the gulf should swallow you,
I 'll fetch you out of hell.

8. I 'll follow thee where'er thou goest,
And cry, Return to me;
My grace shall never leave, but cry,
I have redeemed thee.

9. Although thy faith be often down,
And me thou can'st not see;
My love it never altered,
But is the same to thee.

10. It is not long ere I will come,
And fetch thee home to me;
And make thee bright, for my delight,
Where thou shalt ever be.

HYMN XIII.

Out of Balaam's Parable.—Num. xxiii. 24.

1. From tops of rocks I do him see,
From mountains high behold;
The people they shall dwell alone,
Not with the nations told.

2. The dust of Jacob who can count,
Or number Israel's seed?
They that do die the righteous death,
O! they are blest indeed.

3. God is not a man that he should lie,
His words are very pure;
He will make good what he hath said,
For truth itself 's no liar.

4. In Jacob he hath not beheld
The least iniquity:
In Israel no perverseness he
Doth any time espy.

5. The Lord is he in midst of thee;
He is a mighty King;
The shout we hear, it doth appear,
And manifest this thing.

6. The Lord hath brought his people up
From Egypt's servile land;
His strength is like the unicorn's,
None can before him stand.

7. 'Gainst Jacob no enchantment is,
'Gainst Israel no design;
He maketh the diviners mad,
When earth and hell combine.

8. How goodly are thy pleasant tents,
Which thus are spread abroad;
How lovely are thy tabernacles,
Where dwelleth Jacob's God.

9. As fragrant gardens are they spread,
Upon the vallies low;
As goodly cedars they do stand,
By river sides that grow.

10. From Jacob doth a Star arise,
That shines most orient bright;
His princely sceptre he doth sway,
His enemies he 'll smite.

11. His King I greatly will exalt,
'Bove Agag in degree;
His kingdom shall be set on high,
And head of nations be.

12. When that he brings to pass such things,
All wicked ones shall fall;
For none can stand before his hand,
Alas! he 'll try them all.

13. And ships shall come from Chittim's coast,
That Ashur shall annoy;
And when they 've fill'd their measure up,
I 'll Antichrist destroy.

HYMN XIV.

Out of Deborah's Song.—Judges, v. 3.

1. Awake, O Deborah, awake!
Awake, my soul, I say;
Arise, and sing to Israel's King:
It is a joyful day.

2. My captive soul is loosened,
That was in fetters bound;
I am set free, at liberty;
A ransom he hath found.

3. Hard by the springs, there fought the kings,
In great Megiddo's plain;
The enemy was forc'd to fly;
Much loss he did sustain.

4. Abinoam's Son, our mighty One,
Our Lord so much renown'd,
Hath clear'd the field; by faith, our shield,
Our enemies are bound.

5. Our Lord his captives leads away,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheels;
Triumphantly ascended high,
His adverse power feels.

6. Blessed are Israel's princes all,
That did their help afford;

And did comply, so willingly,
With their Almighty Lord.

7. Curse Meroz with a bitter curse;
Thou, unbelief, stand by,
That thus doth speak; 'We are too weak
To fight the enemy.'

8. There 's not a Canaanite shall stand
Before our Lord this day;
Stars in their course fought with great force,
Against keen Sisera.

9. Where are the iron chariots all,
That were nine hundred strong?
They, and their tire, are burnt i' th' fire;
Jehovah 's us among.

HYMN XV.

Proverbs, viii.

1. Wisdom doth cry incessantly,
And putteth forth her voice;
To offer grace, in every case,
She greatly doth rejoice.

2. In places high she stands to cry,
To men of great degree,
Do you come in, and leave your sin:
O, come, accept of me!

3. She also cries, with words most wise,
In gates of concourse great,
O sinners, all, to you I call:
Accept me, I entreat.

4. To you, O men! I call again,
My voice doth to you sound;
I shed my blood to do you good;
My grace doth yet abound.

5. Hear, simple, and do understand
My wisdom and my fear;
My righteousness I will express,
To make your knowledge clear.

6. Hark! I beseech, unto my speech,
Of things most excellent;
All which are right, to your delight,
And to your soul's content.

7. For all the words my mouth shall speak,
Are truth and uprightness;
And from my lips doth not proceed
Or sin or wickedness.

8. They are all plain, a gospel strain,
To them that understand;
For all right things she always brings,
And gives with liberal hand.

9. Receive my counsel constantly,
And to my knowledge hold;
My merchandize doth far exceed
Both silver and choice gold.

10. Her wisdom is more excellent
Than rubies, that are rare;
And all the things thou canst desire
Cannot with her compare.

11. I, Wisdom, do with Prudence dwell,
And knowledge do find out,
Of mystery, divine and high,
Which I were sent about.

12. They that do truly fear the Lord,
All evil they do hate;
All wickedness, and what's perverse,
I do abominate.

13. The sagest counsel, it is mine;
Sound wisdom I do give;
Both strength and understanding, too,
You shall of me receive.

14. It is by me that kings do reign,
And justice do decree;
The honour of the noble ones,
It doth proceed from me.

15. They that love me, it is because
Of love to them I had;
They that do seek me, they shall find
Their hearts exceeding glad.

16. Riches and honour are with me,
Such riches that endure;
My righteousness you shall possess,
For that 's exceeding sure.

17. My fruit much better is than gold,
Than gold that is most fine;
My righteousness and holiness
Choice silver doth outshine.

18. I lead in ways of righteousness,
In paths of judgment tread;
They that do follow my conduct,
They shall be safely led.

19. All those that do me truly love,
Great substance shall inherit;
I also will their treasures fill,
By pouring out my Spirit.

20. The Lord of old possessed me,
When first his thoughts began;
He viewed me in his decree,
To save lost sinful man.

21. I was seeking, before all time,
The elect's head to be;
'Fore man was made, the Lord he said.
Their standing is in thee.

22. Before he form'd the liquid depths,
Or made the ocean,
Or water-springs, I were set up,
To save lost, sinful man.

23. Before he had the mountains made,
Or hills he did create:
Before earth's dust did first consist,
Or man, the highest part.

24. When he the heavens did prepare,
In their vast compass round;
Then was I by, continually,
As one that favour found.

25. When he the clouds established,
That very swiftly fly;
When he depths, fountains, strengthened,
I also then was by.

26. When that he gave the raging sea
A settled, firm decree,
That it should go but hitherto;
Thus far its bound should be:

27. When all his many mighty works,
By his own power were wrought;
Then was I by, continually,
And up by him was brought.

28. I daily was his soul's delight,
And his eternal rest;
My greatest joy it was, that I
Should make the elect blest.

29. Now, therefore, hear, my children dear,
O, hearken all your days;
For you are blest above the rest,
That do observe my ways.

30. Hear my instruction, and be wise,
And do it not refuse;
Incline your ear with holy fear,
And all my precepts choose.

31. Blessed, O, blessed is the man
That always me doth hear;
And daily waits at wisdom's gates,
And at her doors appear.

32. For whosoever findeth me,
Eternal life shall gain;
Which I do give, that they may live,
And favour may obtain.

33. Whoe'er he be rejecteth me,
His precious soul doth wrong,
And will be found for to be bound
In bonds of death most strong.

HYMN XVI.

Proverbs, ix. 1—6.

1. Wisdom hath builded up her house,
Her seven pillars hewn;
Her stately structure hath set up,
Which she abroad hath shown.

2. My oxen and my fatlings both,
They are already slain;
My sacrifice is offered,
And what doth now remain?

3. My wine and drink are mingled,
A mixture choice and rare;

Mine and my Father's heart you have:
O, love beyond compare!

4. My table I have finished,
My dainties set thereon;
Which I took care for to prepare,
For you to feed upon.

5. My maidens I have sent abroad,
My messengers, to call,
With all their might for to invite
The vilest of you all.

6. In streets of cities populous,
There she doth stand and cry,
My grace is free, accept of me;
O, do not me deny!

7. To simple sinners she doth call,
O, turn, turn in, I pray;
To him that understanding wants,
She thus to him doth say:

8. If you'll be fed, come, eat my bread,
And drink my mingled wine;
My grace and love doth to you move,
The Father's love and mine.

9. Forsake your foolish company,
And leave your ways of sin;
Take up with ways of holiness,
Then will true joy begin.

HYMN XVII.

Canticles, iv. 7.

1. O THOU, my love, thou art all fair,
There is no spot in thee:
This is the language of pure love,
For that no fault can see.

2. What we, that so polluted are!
We scarce can think this true,
That we should be accounted fair,
When nought but spots we view.

3. Eternal and electing love,
That never did begin;
It maketh us Christ's righteousness,
And it made him our sin.

4. This pure and spotless righteousness,
That Jesus Christ wrought out,
Imputed his that doth believe;
And so it comes about.

5. This is a mystery, too great
For nature to unfold;
It 's only faith in exercise
This glory can behold.

6. This glorious project is too high,
Above the reach of man:
The angels pry; this mystery
Is more than they can scan.

7. What boundless love's the Father's love,
For us laid up in store,
In Jesus Christ, his spotless Son!
Lord, we can say no more.

8. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Adoring let 's bow down;
We are all fair in 's spotless Son;
Free grace shall wear the crown.

HYMN XVIII.

Canticles, i. 13.

1. My Well-beloved is most sweet,
And of a fragrant smell;

A bundle of sweet-smelling myrrh,
His sweetness doth excel.

2. In ordinances of his house
Contentment we do take;
The breasts of consolation
Most joyful do us make.

3. There he doth give us of his loves,
That doth our hearts revive;
We taste the savour of his grace,
That keeps our souls alive.

4. I' th' shining day he is most sweet;
And in the shady night
He doth us safe conduct along,
And guide our steps aright.

5. When that it is the darkest night,
No moon nor stars are seen,
Then doth his love towards us move,
Our breasts he lies between.

6. Eternal and electing love,
Not alway by us seen;
Yet Jesus resteth in his love;
Our bed is also green.

7. Upon the bed of love we lie,
On Jesus we do rest;
His garments always smell of myrrh,
A field the Lord hath bless'd.

8. With purest robes we cover'd are,
Of his own righteousness:
Perfumed with sweet-smelling myrrh,
The bundle not the less.

9. Our dearest Jesus we adore,
Who art exalted high;

That with us, on the bed of love,
Doth rest eternally.

HYMN XIX.

Isaiah, xii.

1. And in that day thou thus shalt say,
O Lord, I will thee praise;
Thine anger turned is away,
And we do see good days.

2. Behold, God 's my salvation,
My faith it resteth here:
Believe I must, and in him trust,
'Gainst unbelief and fear.

3. For great Jehovah is my strength,
And my melodious song;
He is my hope and confidence,
And my salvation.

4. Therefore with joy, continually,
We may draw water here;
Salvation's wells our buckets fill,
With waters crystal clear.

5. And in those days thou shalt him praise,
And call upon his name;
And shall declare his mighty works,
And spread abroad his fame.

6. Make mention that Jehovah's name
Exalted is on high;
Thro' Zion round, his praise doth sound,
And that most gloriously.

7. Sing to Jehovah songs of praise,
For wonders he hath shown,
Transcendent things to pass he brings,
In all the earth is known.

8. Cry out and shout, all round about,
That on Mount Zion dwell;
For mighty 's he, in midst of thee,
The God of Israel.

HYMN XX.

Isaiah, v.

1. Now will I sing to my Belov'd,
A song that 's tuned well;
Touching a pleasant vineyard, he
Planted on Zion's hill.

2. My Well-beloved purchased
This field with price of blood,
And paid a value infinite,
He counted it so good.

3. My Well-beloved's vineyard was
Planted on fruitful ground,
With choicest vines of Israel,
And also walled round.

4. He gather'd out the stones thereof,
And things that did offend;
That it might be a fruitful soil,
Was that he did intend.

5. He built a wine-press in it too,
A very useful thing,
That he the pleasant fruit thereof,
Might to perfection bring.

6. He also built a tower therein,
On which his watchmen stand,
For to secure its passages
From Satan's furious hand.

7. My Well-beloved looked for
Most pleasant grapes therefore,

Which should be right to his delight;
But yet it brought forth sour.

8. And now, O men of Judah! judge,
And of Jerusalem;
What could I do more for this vine,
Than I have done for them?

BOOK V.

These following SACRAMENTAL HYMNS *were found in* Mr. BROWNING'S *Study, and used by him at the Lord's Table.*

NOTE.—That at the end of every Hymn these two verses may be added.

Hosannah to King David's Son!
Hosannah to the Christ!
Who in the Almighty's name doth come,
Hosannah in the high'st!

To him that thus hath loved us,
And cancel'd out our score,
In the pure flood of his own blood,
Be praise for evermore.

HYMN I.

1. THE heavens show forth, O Lord, thy praise,
And shall we silent be?
Discharge us of the earth, and raise
Our souls, in songs, to thee.

2. The cheery angels sweetly sing,
Their trumpets always sound;
Let us make heaven and earth to ring;
We stand on higher ground.

3. Our woe did by our fall begin,
We in our blood did lie!
Grace took advantage by our sin
Itself to glorify.

4. In crooked ways (when we were lost,
By sin, when we were slain)
Love spared no pains to seek, nor cost,
To make us love again.

5. From heav'n, like worms, we crept away,
Christ found us in his grave;
Next to his heart he did us lay,
And, dying, did us save.

6. Our tongues thy trumpets are, and we
Would serve thee all our days;
Give us that heart whose pulse may be
Thy quick and constant praise.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN II.

1. But that our flesh is turn'd to stone,
But that we scarce can see,
Our hearts would melt, O Lord, and groan,
That we should senseless be.

2. The sun's approach doth, as we see,
Still make the earth more brave:
What barren hearts, O Lord, have we!
Yet hotter beams we have.

3. He that doth find a silver vein,
Rejoiceth in that toy:
Thou hast us bless'd with greater gain;
O, fill our hearts with joy!

4. There 's no such thing as love in men,
Comparing theirs with thine;
Christ drank to us in blood, and then
Bade us pledge him in wine.

5. He did forsake his Father's throne,
That he might glory give;
He did assume our flesh and bone:
He dies, that we might live.

6. He left his joy to feel our smart;
His ruin did us raise:
This love, O Lord, doth break our hearts;
O, let it mend our praise.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN III.

1. Come, come and see! fall'n man is up,
Dead Lazarus is rais'd,
And doth with his dear Saviour sup;
His pow'r and love be prais'd.

2. May servants thus with their Lord sit,
As they if were his mates?
Yea, this our Master doth permit;
Nay, more, meanwhile he waits.

3. But Laz'rus he his friend did call,
We traitors to him were;
Nor could we rise without his fall:
What matchless love is here!

4. We gasping lay for want of breath,
And help we could not crave:
He was content to taste of death,
That we his life might have.

5. The scripture saith, this Holy One
Might not corruption see;
But yet he may be fed upon
By such poor worms as we.

6. Thou giv'st us leave to eat and rest,
Let 's also walk with thee:
Thou, Lord, dost carve us of thy best,
And wholly thine are we.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN IV.

1. Lift up your voice, let trumpets sound,
Let saints on earth sing praise:
Could we but till, here 's fruitful ground
Whence we that rent might raise,

2. The glorious sun begins to rise,
And on our face to shine;
Let clouds disperse, let 's wipe our eyes,
Our joy is God's design.

3. Peace, guilty conscience, prate no more;
We were in debt, 'tis true;
But Christ our Lord hath paid our score:
Love only now is due.

4. Cheer up, sad hearts, look not so ill;
Some kind of tears defile:
Christ shed his blood our veins to fill;
Sanguine complexion, smile.

5. Praise doth become saints here below,
As well as them above;
Thy praise with us shall heav'nward grow;
Only cheer up thy love.

6. 'Tis mercy we can call thee ours,
That doth prevent despair:
Do but thou say, Yea, I am yours,
And then in heav'n we are.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN V.

1. Rouse up, dull hearts, awake and sing,
'Tis day; how can you sleep?
The sun's approach makes joy to spring,
'Tis clear: how can you weep?

2. Each pretty bird can pleasant be;
Yet is their portion small:
O, what unthankful hearts have we,
That droop, and yet have all!

3. With man, one cord of love doth bind,
One courteous act doth gain:
How can we but his praises sing,
When love our way makes plain?

4. As if we were some rich gold ring,
Dropp'd from the Father's hand:
Christ stooping fell, us back to bring,
By him we rose, we stand.

5. Our Lord exalted is on high,
In him we comfort have:
Wherewith to wipe our weeping eye,
He left clothes in his grave.

6. Well may we be at his command,
And presents to him bring:
Lord cheer and tune us with thy hand,
So shall we work and sing.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN VI.

1. WHERE are those blest united ones,
That have supp'd with their King?
Spoil not his feast with sighs and groans:
Lift up your voice, let 's sing.

2. Or let us only mourn, that we
Our Comforter should grieve;
Who poured forth his blood, that he
Therewith might us relieve.

3. Let 's weep, that we for ev'ry toy
Should thus, like children, cry;
Or rather let us weep for joy,
That grace doth wipe our eye.

4. Those that can see their Father smile
May laugh, though others frown:
If heav'n be ours, let earth seem vile;
'Tis all not worth a crown.

5. Why should we fear, tho' mountains shake,
Though seas lift up their voice?
While some fall down, while others quake,
In God let us rejoice.

6. What cause have we to bless thy name,
O, that we could give praise!
Then shall we, Lord, lift up the same,
When thou our heart shalt raise.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN VII.

1. IF with some earthly prince to sit
Be such a glorious thing;

O, how great dignity is it
To feast with Heaven's King!

2. Our Father's house has bread enough,
His board is richly spread;
To whose provision that 's poor stuff
Whereon we sometimes fed.

3. The smallest crumb we cannot earn,
As due we cannot claim;
Yet are we full, could we but learn
To praise his holy name.

4. The dainties which thou dost afford
We nowhere else can see:
Here shall we, therefore, chuse to board,
Here shall our dwelling be.

5. And if a glance so cheer the heart,
What will a full view do?
Whilst under age we have but part
Of what we are born to.

6. We trust we shall have more at last;
For which we wait and crave:
Meanwhile we bless thee for that taste,
Which now, through grace, we have.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN VIII.

1. THY people's praise, great God of love,
Well may it wait for thee;
For thou dost wait still from above,
That thou mightst gracious be.

2. The greater sort dost thou forget;
But we remember'd are:
Whilst others are without, we sit
Under thy tender care.

3. Not unto us, dear Lord, ah! no;
Not unto us, but thee,
From all this grace let glory grow,
Thy name exalted be.

4. What poor provoking dust are we!
But yet not swept away:
What place for such too low can be?
Yet grace hath gilt our clay.

5. Our help did in thy bosom lie;
From whence, to show thy grace,
Thy Son, our Lord, must come to die,
That we might have his place.

6. Fain would we come, dear God, to thee,
O, let thy hand us raise;
Then shall we all thy trumpets be,
To thine eternal praise.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN IX.

1. WHAT bounty, Lord, what matchless love
Hast thou to us made known!
What costly pearls dropp'd from above,
And from thy hand alone!

2. Thou hast redeem'd us from that grave
Wherein we rotting lay;
These naked souls, how fine, how brave
They are since t'other day!

3. Whence are those glorious crowns, those rings,
Which to our share do fall?
Can beggars' brats deserve such things?
No, sure; grace gave them all.

4. Where had we been, what had we done,
If left to nature's light?

We might have worshipped the sun,
Dear God! thou know'st we might.

5. But thou a brighter Sun hath sent,
Which in our hearts doth shine;
Whose light to us thyself hath sent,
And all whose beams are thine.

6. O, let it more and more increase,
Until its course be run;
Until our glimmering light shall cease,
And we dwell in the Sun.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN X.

1. 'Tis angels' work, to bless and sing,
'Tis not the saints alone;
When they shall sit, each like a king,
Praise will become their throne.

2. But what poor instruments are we,
All out of tune, unstrung,
Unless He our musician be,
Who can give dust a tongue?

3. The nature of this work is such,
That while we sing, we groan;
Because we foul whate'er we touch:
Ours is a doleful tone.

4. But He that hath compos'd our song
Can put our hearts in tune:
Though we be weak, yet he is strong;
Here let thy strength be shewn!

5. How falsely have we dealt with thee;
Yet thou dost trust us still:

Fain would we henceforth faithful be,
According to thy will.

6. Thy grace doth aggravate our sin,
O, might it kill the same;
Then shall we, angel-like, begin
To praise thy glorious name.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN XI.

1. WHAT dainties doth our Lord prepare!
What guests doth he invite!
May worms divide such curious fare!
Doubtless, 'tis not their right.

2. Poor beggars are not serv'd in state,
Their posture is to stand;
Their proper place is at the gate;
Crusts only fit their hand.

3. How comes it, then, to pass, that we,
That we are bid draw near!
That we are bid sit down by thee,
And welcome to such cheer!

4. Ah! not because we are not poor,
Have we this favour found;
But mercy is with thee in store;
That only is the ground.

5. O, blessed be the Lord of love,
Who ask'd not what we were;
But bade his only Son remove,
That so we might draw near.

6. Since thou hast made our souls a feast,
O, make us thankful too;

And whilst some others praise in jest,
Let us both say and do.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN XII.

1. That glorious grace, that grace of love,
That grace of love divine;
How clearly doth it, from above,
Upon our faces shine!

2. Love was at work before we were,
Five thousand years or more:
Time only makes those things appear
That love hath wrought before.

3. Like silly sheep we wand'ring went,
We went we know not where;
Love cried, as we to hell were bent,
'This is the way, walk here.'

4. In a short time, and for poor crumbs,
We all our portion spent;
Love freely gave far greater sums
Than what before were lent.

5. Our only danger is from sin,
Thence comes the greatest harm;
But love hath safely hedg'd us in
With its inclosing arm.

6. How can we now but with him walk,
When love hath pav'd our way?
O, let 's not spend our time in talk,
Let 's run, let 's make no stay.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN XIII.

1. WHAT shall we say, dear God! to thee?
How shall we praise thy name?
Fain would we somewhat thankful be;
Silence will speak our shame.

2. But can we, by a word or two,
Think to express thy praise?
Words are poor things, what shall we do?
Tongues talk; but practice pays.

3. And yet, alas! what can we do?
What should our present be?
Thou art so high, and we so low,
How can these hands reach thee?

4. But though our crowns can never reach,
Nor fit thy glorious head;
Yet, at thy feet, thou dost us teach
Our robes of praise to spread.

5. And though thy rent we cannot make,
Till thou shalt bless our store;
Yet, Lord, we pray thee stoop, and take
This mite, till we have more.

6. The grace of Christ, whereon we stand,
Doth some advantage give:
Do thou but lend thy raising hand,
We then with thee shall live.

Hosannah to King, &c.

HYMN XIV.

1. WHENCE is it that this bread and wine
Such soul-refreshing yield?

This springs not from the common vine,
Nor grows in ev'ry field.

2. 'Tis curious fare, this children's bread,
It is both bread and meat,
Whereby we are both taught and fed,
Which we may safely eat,

3. It breeds no worms, nor shall they die
Who truly eat this bread:
The feeder is transform'd thereby,
And no bad humour fed.

4. 'Tis no intoxicating cup
That is put in our hand,
Which, if we could but drink it up,
Would all our cares disband.

5. O, blessed be that gracious hand
That holds and fills the same!
And gladly would we see that land,
From whence this bread first came.

6. Thou, Lord, who art the God of peace,
Who art our strength and stay,
Let comfort by thy means increase,
And let the flesh decay.

7. Hosannah to King David's Son!
Hosannah to the Christ!
Who in th' Almighty's name doth come,
Hosannah in the high'st!

8. To him that thus hath loved us,
And cancell'd out our score
In the pure flood of his own blood,
Be praise for evermore.

Additional Sacramental HYMNS by other Hands.

HYMN XV.

1. Our holy Mediator, Christ,
   In time appeared flesh,
   To reconcile our souls to God,
   In truth and righteousness.
2. Our nature he upon him took,
   On which grim death did pass;
   And, to appease his Father's wrath,
   He crucified was.
3. This power he had, to lay life down
   And take it up again:
   The Godhead did in him triumph,
   Although his flesh had pain.
4. And as a conqueror, took place
   At his Father's right hand;
   The cherubim of glory all
   About his throne do stand.
5. His Spirit now has influence
   Upon the hearts of those,
   (With full divine authority,)
   Whom he before had chose:
6. To keep them safe, they might not fall,
   As once they did before;
   But in communion live with him,
   And serve him evermore.

HYMN XVI.

1. Thou art all love, my dearest Lord,
   Thou art all lovely too,

Thy love I at thy table taste,
Thy loveliness I view.

2. Thy divine beauty, veil'd with flesh,
Thy enemies despise;
Thy mangled body they disdain,
And turn from thee their eyes.

3. But thou more lovely art to me,
For all that thou hast borne:
Each cloud sets off thy lustre more;
Thee all thy scars adorn.

4. Thy garments, tinctur'd with thy blood,
The best and noblest dye,
Outshine the robes that princes wear;
Thy thorns their gems outvie.

5. That I may be all love to thee,
And lovely like thee too,
O, cleanse me with thy precious blood,
And me thy beauty show.

6. My former vows I now renew:
O Lord, as thou art mine,
Behold, I give my heart to thee;
For ever I 'll be thine.

HYMN XVII.

1. How many miracles of love,
What mysteries of grace,
Has th' ever-blessed Jesus shown
To Adam's sinful race!

2. That he should humbly condescend
Our mortal flesh to wear;
Our sicknesses, our sorrows all,
And numerous sins to bear!

3. Was 't not enough, thou Holy One,
To lay aside thy crown,
And, in a servant's form, on earth
To wander up and down?

4. Was 't not enough, with sighs and tears
Our miseries to deplore,
To teach us by thy blameless life?
But would'st thou still do more?

5. Whence is this unexampled love
To wretched human kind?
What to attract thy heart, couldst thou
In loathsome sinners find?

6. Yet, loaded with our sins and pains,
Thou through death's vale wouldst go;
That we, made innocent and free,
The way of life might know.

7. Worthy art thou, O Lamb of God,
Among thy saints to reign;
Who, to redeem them by thy blood,
Wast once an offering slain.

HYMN XVIII.

1. Here is a banquet thou hast made,
A table of fat things;
Replenished it always is,
Food suitable for kings.

2. The fare is thine, of thine own cost,
The Lamb is of thy fold;
It is the best in all the flock,
Better to us than gold.

3. No spot in him was ever found,
No blemish, but all pure;

Yet, for us, he had many a wound;
Thy wrath he did endure.

4. He drank a full draught of thy cup,
That no wrath might remain,
That we might drink in draughts of love,
And live to thee again;

5. And spend our days upon the earth
In joy, through thine own Spirit;
Until we come thy glory great
In heaven to inherit.

HYMN XIX.

1. You that the holy Jesus love,
Give honour to his name;
The great achievements of his grace
In thankful verse proclaim.

2. Though what your highest thoughts sur-
Can never be express'd, [mount,
Yet something of it you may tell,
And wonder out the rest.

3. Remember all his mighty deeds,
His sorrows all review;
How he abas'd his glorious self,
To bleed and die for you.

4. Remember all the shame and scorn,
The vinegar and gall,
The gaping wounds, thro' which he pour'd
His vital juices all.

5. His sorrows, as his virtues, were
Innumerable found;
Troubles from earth, from heav'n, and hell,
His spotless soul surround.

6. Crucified by the worst of men,
Forsaken by the best;
With th' endless number of our sins,
Sin's mighty weight oppress'd.

7. He felt the curses of the law;
His Father's wrath sustain'd;
Endur'd the cruel shock of all
The powers of hell, unchain'd.

8. But after all, victorious prov'd,
In triumph did ascend;
And now prepares us crowns and thrones,
And joys that ne'er shall end.

HYMN XX.

1. Hosannah to King David's Son;
Hosannah to the Christ,
That in the Father's name doth come,
Hosannah in the high'st;

2. For thou wast slain, and art alive,
Redeeming us to God,
From ev'ry nation, kindred, tongue,
By thy most precious blood.

3. Corruptive things, as silver is,
And gold, redeem'd us not;
But Christ, our Saviour's precious blood,
A Lamb without a spot.

4. To Him that sits upon the throne,
And Christ the Lamb, therefore,
Be glory, blessing, strength, renown,
And honour evermore.

THE END.

J. Hathaway, Printer, Charleston 1829.